THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The Oldest Literary and Family Paper in the United States. Founded A. D. 1821.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1879, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress.

Vol. 59. PUBLICATION OFFICE, No. 726 Sansom St. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1879. $3.00 a Year in Advance. Five Cents a Copy. No. 9.

TOGETHER.

BY L. W.

The snowy bloom is on the brier,
All frosty lies the fallow;
The hunters gather round the fire,
And sign for hound and halloo.
While bending o'er a poet's book,
Secure from wind and weather,
Within a velvet-curtained nook
Sit she and I together.

This morning we were strangers yet;
But in these dreamy pages
We find somehow our souls have met,
And lived and loved for ages.
And life is as a summer day,
Love laughs at wintry weather,
And other worlds so far away,
And we so near together.

The golden sun shall shine again,
The chase demand its lover,
And I no more be lonely when
I canter to the cover.
For through the world, whate'er betide,
In storm or sunny weather,
We two shall ride on side by side,
My love and I together.

THE DOCTOR'S SECRET;

—OR,—

Richard Westwood's Wife.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MARJORIE'S TRIALS," "IVY'S PROBATION," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

I WONDER what is the matter with Dr. Westwood to-day?" said Mrs. Heriot, of Combe Priors, watching the doctor from her well-shaded window, as he took his way down the steep uneven street of the old fashioned country town.

Mrs. Heriot threw this observation over her shoulder, as it were, at her niece Lina Herbert.

"Is anything the matter?" asked that young lady carefully, from the table where she was making a terrible mess with her aunt's best colors, attempting an illumination for the church decoration, and succeeding very badly indeed.

"Yes," answered Mrs. Heriot musingly, drumming on the window sill with her white and shapely fingers; "there must be something wrong with him."

"Dear old thing," said Lina indifferently, wasting half a bottle of gold paint. "I hope not."

"He was so absent that he did not hear a word I was saying to him," Mrs Heriot went on, undiscouraged by her niece's want of sympathy. "I never knew him to be absent-minded before. I wonder what is the matter?"

"Toothache," said Lina, with her head on one side to see the effect of a red lily on a blue ground.

"Toothache!" echoed Mrs. Heriot. "What do you mean, Lina?"

"Nothing," answered Lina, yawning; "I said it only by way of conversation; you seemed to expect me to say something. For my own part, I don't believe there is anything at all the matter with Dr. Westwood."

But there was—something serious the matter too. Mrs Heriot's quick insight was not at fault. Perhaps if she had been alone Dr. Westwood would have taken her into his confidence; in fact, a great part of her present speculation was due to wonder that he had not.

Mrs Heriot was used to being taken into Dr. Westwood's confidence. He came to her, as so many men must come to one woman or another, in most of his difficulties and perplexities.

Long after Lina had lounged down the long, narrow vista of the low celled room, and out through the conservatory at the end, into the green, sunny garden, Mrs. Heriot was tantalizing herself as to Dr. Westwood's unusual reticence and the cause for it.

Meanwhile Dr. Westwood was pursuing his way with a troubled brow and a load on his honest heart which would have been a good deal lightened by Mrs. Heriot's counsel. This load had come to him with the early morning post; it had gone with him all through the day. He let himself in with his latch key, and turned into the room on the right of the doorway, which he called his surgery, and actually used for all social and domestic purposes.

The doctor was lying back in his arm-chair, a listless weariness apparent in his whole figure, when a heavy step sounded in the passage and a head was thrust in at the door.

"I thought I heard you come in, doctor," said a loud, unmodulated voice with a strong provincial accent. "You'll be ready for your dinner now?"

"No—yes; I mean I'm ready—quite ready," replied the doctor dreamily; and the head was drawn back and a heavy retreating footstep gradually died away in some far back region—after which the doctor sat up, clasped his hands and brought them down upon his knee again with the despairing exclamation:

"There's Hephzibah too!"

He was just in that thoroughly battered and exhausted condition when the last straw breaks the camel's back; and Hephzibah, with her thirteen stone of weight and her uncompromising heaviness of hand and foot, was a sufficiently substantial straw for the purpose.

"You've been wearing of yourself out this 'ot day," she said, with a stern glance at the harassed doctor, as she set a covered dish upon the already spread table; "and not a bit nor a sup have you had since breakfast. No"—making a dart at the doctor's coat pocket; "here's the sherry flask and the sandwidges just as I put 'em in this morning!"

"Well, well, what have you got for me now?" demanded the doctor. "Fried soles? Come, that'll do; I can always eat your fried soles, Hephzibah."

"Yes; and there's the calf's head curried, and as tender a steak as ever I cooked—and mind you make a good dinner," said the mistress of Dr. Westwood's establishment as she retired.

Dr Westwood did make a good dinner, and felt the better for it. And then he set himself to solve the problem which had haunted his day's work.

He went back to his arm chair, and, drawing a letter out of his pocket read it over again for the first time since he had hastily skimmed it in the morning and it had murdered his peace for the day. It was a letter with foreign stamps, the writing being an irregular, boyish sort of hand—written in a great hurry apparently; and these were the contents:

MELBOURNE, March 21, 18—

"Dear Old Philip,—I am going to astonish you now, if I never did before! I've been and got married to the sweetest and dearest little girl in the world. There! What do you think of that? It was all done in a hurry, on account of circumstances. The *Vanguard* was ordered off to Balaclava. I could not leave my darling to her step mother's tender mercies (her father is dead and the old cat was not kind to her); so I married her out of hand at twelve hours' notice, and I have sent her home to you. You will take care of her until we have given the Russians a jolly good licking and, if I never come back again, you will take care of her still—I know you well enough to be sure of that.

"Your affectionate brother,

RICHARD C. WESTWOOD.

"P. S.—Armine will sail in the *Fifeshire* on the 1st, and will arrive at Gravesend about a fortnight after you receive this. You will meet her, of course. Poor Armine does not know a soul in England, and will depend entirely upon you."

"Just like Dick!" was Dr. Westwood's comment on this epistle testily uttered too, as he let the paper drop from his hand. "What on earth am I to do with a woman—a young woman—a forward, pert puss of a colonial woman, too? It is the most inconsiderate thing Dick has done yet," he concluded looking ruefully round his sanctum.

The doctor groaned aloud as he realized all the changes which were coming upon him. He would have to give up his habits; and the doctor liked his habits—the single indulgence he gave himself—he who gave so much to others. He would have to relinquish his cosy corner and inhabit the parlor, which his housekeeper arranged after her own sweet will with ghastly stuffed birds and ridiculous bits of china. Then, when he came in, wearied with a long round of professional visits, he would have to change his coat—he rubbed his hands fondly up and down his old brown garment, which was as well known in Combe Priors as the doctor himself—and to dine with a chattering magpie of a girl, who perhaps would even expect him to array himself in that abomination a dress coat, and to take her out to those Combe Priors tea-drinkings which Dr. Westwood had hitherto abjured.

"And there's Hephzibah!" exclaimed the doctor, harking back to his old perplexity, as that formidable functionary's footfall again heralded her advance. How would the housekeeper receive the intelligence of the impending change? That was the question before which Dr. Westwood's heart quailed. For honest Hephzibah tyrannized over him—"for his own good," as she explained to her gossips.

Still Hephzibah must be told. Dr. Westwood looked up as she came in, with half formed resolution to make a clean breast of it and have it over; but at the woman's aggressive aspect as she strode towards him, bearing his cup of coffee, his courage ebbed away.

"There's something the matter with the doctor," said Hephzibah to herself as she closed the door; "I s'pose he'll tell me when he's ready." And the energy with which she scolded Tom, the doctor's boy—her natural enemy—showed how deeply her feelings were hurt at the tardiness of the confidence.

So that Dick's inconsiderate conduct had already caused the doctor to conduct himself with unhandsome reticence towards two of his best friends.

Presently Dr. Westwood, with a sort of languid acquiescence in his fate, stooped to pick up Dick's letter in order to assure himself of the date—to see, in fact, how long a reprieve was granted him. He gave a prodigious start.

"The 2d of March," he exclaimed—"and this is the 16th of May!"

He made a dash at the papers on the writing-table found the last *Times*, and ran his eye down the "Shipping Intelligence." There it was!

"Falmouth, May 15th. Passed, the *Fifeshire*, from Port Philip."

The doctor rang the bell violently. There was no time to be lost. The mail train would pass in twenty minutes; if he could catch it he might yet be in time to save the poor girl—Dr Westwood was relenting—the forlorness of finding herself all alone in a strange land.

"My boots, Hephzibah," he ordered, "I am going to London!"

If he had said 'Kamschatka," the housekeeper could hardly have looked more surprised or amazed.

"Quick, woman! Don't stand staring there!" moved out of all mere civility by the emergency of the moment.

With an air of having been unjustly snubbed and of resenting the operation, Hephzibah came back with the boots.

"If a broken leg or a fit or anything of that sort comes in, send it over the way to Dr. Spink. Tell the others that I shall be back to-morrow." It was not until he was on the doorstep that he turned and made his announcement. "Hephzibah," said he, "my brother Dick has sent his wife to me from Australia, and I am going now to bring her home. See that everything is ready for her."

And without waiting to see the effect of this parting shaft, the doctor rushed into the road, and away up the street towards the station.

CHAPTER II.

DR. WESTWOOD was down at the Victoria Docks early the next morning, and, hustled about from one official to another, assailed by touters, misled by such conflicting statements with regard to the *Fifeshire* as "She's just outside; she'll be in in half an hour," and "She hasn't left Gravesend yet, sir; she'll not be up before two o'clock," etc.

It was lucky that Dr. Westwood's splendid temper had recovered from the first shock of Dick's letter, or he might have been tempted to lay all these minor exasperations also at that young naval officer's door. As it was, he seated himself on a coil of rope, and waited patiently, solacing himself with the *Times*, until a cry of "Here she is, sir! Here's the *Fifeshire* just coming up!" roused him.

There she was, her flags flying exultantly, her passengers crowding her decks, even her crew looking eagerly on "Home."

The doctor felt a thrill at his heart; the spirit of that joyous "homeward bound" had infected him, and he looked searchingly along the rows of expectant faces—glad that Dick's wife would not expect her welcome in vain. He had warmed to his mission, and his eyes brightened and his kindly smile was ready as he stepped on board and threaded his way through the crowd.

Which was Armine? Two or three times he had almost stretched out his hand and spoken his greeting, when the face which he had felt sure must be that of Dick's wife was turned away to answer some other welcoming voice.

"Armine?" he had even ventured to say to a rosy lipped, black eyed damsel—Dr. Westwood thought he knew Dick's taste.

"That is not my name," said the girl pertly. And Dr. Westwood bowed his apologies, and pursued his quest.

Presently the crowd thinned, as one party after another passed the ship, and Dr. Westwood still remained alone. He wandered up and down the decks and in and out of the saloons, with a queer little objection to asking the steward or officers of the ship for the object of his search.

And then it happened that, as he passed for the seventh or eight time near a couple of trunks standing ready for transport to the shore, his eye fell first on a name—"Mrs. Richard Westwood"—and then on a slight, tall figure in a brown mushroom hat and a girlish costume of blue striped camlet, standing over the boxes with an air of proprietorship.

The doctor, forgetting his manners in the sudden astonishment of discovery, stared up under the brim of the brown hat into a pair of lustrous eyes which looked back at him wonderingly, until the rosy blood rushed up into the fair soft cheeks and the long brown eyelashes fell before his gaze.

"You—you are not Dick's wife?" cried Dr. Westwood suddenly, almost savagely, in his discomfiture.

"And you—are—not Dick's—brother?" faltered the girl.

"Heaven bless me!" ejaculated the doctor; and that was all.

Two big tears rolled out of the large gray eyes, as the quivering lip struggled to steady itself.

"Dick's brother is not at all like Dick," was the mental comment.

"This child? Dick must be crazy!" was the other.

"He is so old!" thought Dick's wife.

"She is so young!" thought Dick's brother.

The first officer, a handsome, bronzed young fellow, passed at that moment.

"Mrs. Westwood, are you here still? Can I do anything for you?"

"Thanks, Mr. Greyling, my brother-in-law is here" she said, turning round instantly, with a little dignity of self control, which did not escape the doctor. He saw at once that "this child" had held her own, with a woman's power of dignity, through the lonely voyage.

The young officer glanced at the doctor's shaggy hair and beard, and at his old brown coat, and wondered a little; then he lifted his cap.

"I see you don't need any help. Then I'll say good bye. I hope you will like England, Mrs. Westwood." And he walked away.

"We haven't shaken hands yet," said he, with a laugh. "We have been too much taken with our mutual surprise, haven't we? Let me welcome you very cordially to England, my dear. I have been here on board and I have seen you for this half hour, but, you see, I didn't know you."

"And I have seen you," she said, reassured by his laugh; and then she laughed merrily in her turn. "It was very funny," she went on. "Dick will be so amused."

And more than half of Dr. Westwood's burden rolled off his shoulders on the spot. There remained only Hephzibah.

Dick's brother was dreadfully old—not in the least like Dick—Dick, with his handsome face and merry blue eyes and his bold, frank, sailor bearing which had taken her young heart by storm. Yet, at the close of their first twelve hours' acquaintance, Armine Westwood was prepared to indorse Lina Heriot's opinion of Dr. Westwood—that he was "a dear old thing." He was so thoughtfully careful of her on the long westward journey, providing for all her wants, and forestalling them with a consideration which amazed her—she had been so little used to consideration even from her ardent but thoughtless Dick—that long before the journey ended Armine had recovered from her first shock of disappointment and understood Dick's confidence in "dear old Philip."

Not that Dr. Westwood was so old—he was barely forty—but forty, to seventeen, is quite ancient. Dr. Westwood had come early to the cares and responsibilities of life, had taken them deeply to heart, and had given his youth to the help and shielding of others, Dick himself among the number.

"This is your home, my dear; I sincerely hope it will be a happy one," said Dr Westwood as the Combe Priors fly stopped at the door. "Where is Hephzibah?"

He opened the door with his pass-key, and looked into the dark passage, and the still darker surgery; but no Hephzibah appeared. But at the end of the long passage there spread a warm light, as from a door set open—the door of the gruesome parlor which the doctor dreaded; and into this the doctor led his young ward, and dazzled her eyes with the sudden change from the outside dimness to the blaze of light. And there, the fossils and the stuffed birds being all set aside, the table was laid with a show and brilliancy which the doctor, well pleased, recognized with a glance.

Hephzibah's sullen dignity had yielded to her housewifely pride, and she had revived all the old traditions which had lain dormant during the doctor's bachelor rule. The lamp of state, burnished and polished, the best china, the silver service, scarcely ever used since his father's death all the comfortable and substantial provisions of a West Country tea-dinner, were set forth in such a way as showed that Hephzibah was bent on displaying all her housekeeping perfection before her guest. And, whilst the doctor, in his relief and satisfaction, smiled to himself at the thought Hephzibah appeared, bearing herself stiffly, to mark her unappeased sense of injury, with her hands full of dishes.

"Hephzibah," said the doctor, "this is my brother's wife."

"Hephzibah," echoed the girl, eagerly coming forward with outstretched hands and the prettiest grace of recognition. "Is this Hephzibah? Dick has so often talked of you. It makes me feel quite at home to see you. He told me to give you his love."

From that moment Hephzibah was vanquished, and the doctor's heart at rest from household fears. For Hephzibah to use her own phrase, "took to" the young wife on the spot, and straightway divided her allegiance between her old master and her young mistress.

Meanwhile rumor in Combe Priors was busy with the doctor's ward. It was known within a few hours that Dr. Westwood had brought home a young lady—a young wife some said, Lina Heriot amongst others.

"So that was what was the matter with him, aunt Kate," remarked the young lady. "And they say she is very young—quite a child—and as pretty as she can be. Will you call on her? Do, aunt Kate—I'm longing to see her. Dr. Westwood is a dear old thing, but I don't think—no, I'm sure he couldn't have done it! And I respect the girl who has risen so superior to the weaknesses of girlhood as to do it. Won't you call to day, aunt Kate, and take me with you?"

"It is very odd," said Mrs. Heriot.

"Yes, odd and mysterious and delightful," answered her niece. "Who is she? Where did he find her out, and how was the courtship done? For we all know that Dr. Westwood has never been away from Combe Priors for a day. It's a perfect romance, a real boon. For ages I haven't had anything to wake me up so completely!"

But Mrs. Heriot was on her dignity.

"Under the circumstances, I do not think I shall call just yet," she said.

"Then what are we to do?" asked Lina anxiously.

"Oh, dear me! I hope he will soon," sighed Lina.

But the very next morning the two ladies met Dr. Westwood in the street.

"I was on my way to you," said he; "I have not had a moment for the last day or two, or I should have asked you to come and see Mrs. Westwood."

"She has taken us by surprise," returned Mrs. Heriot, a little stiffly for her.

"And me most of all," said the doctor calmly. "Won't you come in now?"—stopping before his own door.

"It is so early," hesitated Mrs. Heriot, notwithstanding a little pinch from Lina. "Mrs Westwood may not care to receive me in the morning."

But her dignity was quite lost on the unconventional doctor.

"We have known each other too long for ceremony," he replied; "Armine will be glad to see you at any hour."

Guided by the sound of a voice, he led Mrs. Heriot through the parlor—where the ladies' practiced eyes detected the subtle unwonted signs of a gentlewoman's taste and presence—out at a glass door, and on to the lowest tier of a terraced garden sloping upwards from the house. There, seated on a flight of stone steps, was a brown browed girl in a holland morning dress, with a blue bowl in her lap, into which she was shredding beans.

Mrs. Heriot's artistic eye took in at once all the details of the picture—the sunlight on the bright uncovered hair, the broad-brimmed hat on the ground, the background of whitewashed wall, all splashed with dropping blooms of crimson fuchsia, and great pinky-blue globes of large leaved hydrangea, peering over from the upper terrace—and she decided that it was a very pretty one, even before she met the almost electrical gaze of a pair of deep gray eyes. Those eyes completed Mrs. Heriot's conquest.

"Mrs. Westwood, Mrs Heriot," said the doctor; "Armine, Mrs Heriot is one of our most highly valued friends."

"I must apologize for this early call, Mrs. Westwood," smiled Mrs. Heriot, holding out her hand and blushing her pinkest—being a woman of a fair complexion, she had a way of coloring quickly—a very pretty way too; "but your husband must bear the blame. He persuaded me that you would receive me."

"My husband—Dick," stammered Armine, confused and looking from Dr. Westwood to Mrs. Heriot.

The doctor smiled—a smile which broadened into a laugh.

"Mrs. Richard Westwood, I ought to have introduced," he said, laughing; "but it never occurred to me there could be any mistake."

And, the impetus once given, everybody laughed, out there in the sunshine—laughed merrily, until the tears stood in their eyes. It was so ridiculous, so absurd! No wonder they laughed.

"Oh, aunt Leonora, what a sweet young creature! Such a lovey-dovey of a new-married lady," pronounced Lina Heriot as she and her relative walked home.

Hephzibah came forth from her domain, with hot cheeks and a mortified air.

"And you with that blue basin and the beans," she exclaimed to Armine—"I wouldn't have had Mrs. Heriot catch you for all I'm worth! I told you it wasn't for the likes of you to be doing such work, ma'am," added inconsistent Hephzibah.

"I don't mind it a bit," laughed Armine. "You know I told you I always did those things at home; and Mrs. Heriot and her niece are so nice, I am sure they did not mind."

"Give me the beans, ma'am, and go in to your flowers and your fancy work," answered Hephzibah, unconvinced—"that's your place. And there'll be more company coming now that Mrs. Heriot's been. There'll be Mrs. Trevanion, with her sharp tongue and her sharp eyes—you'd never see her doing a hand's turn to help a servant! And our lady shall be as fine a lady as the best of 'em," grumbled Hephzibah, as she walked off to the kitchen, basin in hand.

Armine picked up her hat and climbed up the steep steps to the inclined plane of brightly colored garden ground, where she culled enough of creamy lilies and deep crimson roses to fill her hands.

Dr. Westwood, coming presently out of his surgery, and watching her unseen, thought, as Mrs. Heriot had done, that it was a very pretty picture.

CHAPTER III.

DR. WESTWOOD'S domestic fortune had been thrust upon him, yet it was wonderful, considering that he was not to the manner born, how kindly he took to the new dispensation. He came to feel quite a cheering warmth at his heart as, after a fagging day, he rode homewards in the dusky twilight and thought of the welcoming figure which was sure to meet him on his threshold. Without a regret, he could pass the door of the little brown surgery, and could give himself up, with a sigh of satisfaction, to his well-earned rest in the transformed parlor, sweet now with the perfume of flowers—the doctor loved flowers—and cool with the soft evening breeze stealing in through the fresh muslin curtains—where he felt rather than saw how all was made ready and waiting for the event of the day—his coming.

It was pleasant to the doctor to see the little household figure, so dainty in its apparel, so charming in its youth and beauty, quietly installed at his table, and—figuratively at that season—at his hearth, fitting in so easily and naturally as if it had always belonged to it. He liked to look up from his book or paper, to find her there in her place, with the scrap of needlework which was so womanly and homelike, he thought, in her hands. He liked to take his cup of tea from her hand, and to find that she never forgot the exact proportion of cream and sugar which he liked. It was agreeable to read aloud to her passages or narratives which interested him, and to receive in return the sympathy of her eager and ready interest; and gradually the companionship he had dreaded grew to be very charming to him.

His brother Dick rose in his esteem through the medium of his wife. It may be that he envied him just a little bit, in spite of his being, as Lina Heriot said, such "an obstinate bachelor." Certainly it did cross his mind once that, if he had married long before, he might some day have had a daughter, like this brown haired girl, to care for him by prescriptive right.

Dick was a lucky fellow though! The doctor said that to himself a good many times. And he thought it was very pretty to see the girl-wife's devotion to her sailor-husband—how he was foremost in all her thoughts—"I will tell Dick," "How amused Dick will be!" being the first thought after every new experience—"When Dick comes home," the only outlook into the future. Once Dr. Westwood beguiled her into relating the history of her first acquaintance with her husband, and he found it very interesting—as a psychological study, of course—to note the pretty changes which flitted over the expressive young face as she told the simple story—the happy, sparkling light, the sweet blushes, the soft, tender cadence of the young voice.

The story was not told until Dr. Westwood and his new sister had quite settled down to their confidential home relations. It dropped out, pearl by pearl, in answer to the doctor's question, "How did you and Dick find each other out?" In truth, the happy young wife so fenced in by her love, so impregnable in her great happiness, that not all the storms of terrible tidings, which burst from time to time over desolated homes could shake her.

If her heart beat and her hands trembled as she read the lists of "Killed and wounded," in which Dick's name never appeared, she rose from the perusal with renewed confidence. Her Dick was safe—he was always safe. Death and disaster could not approach the stronghold of her love.

So time passed on, and the war did not end—it seemed but just beginning—but Dick wrote in high spirits, and Armine's faith never faltered; whilst the doctor's home lost none of its newly acquired brightness.

It chanced one early autumn day that Dr. Westwood was called to see some poor patient in the hospital at Plymouth—a short railway. His visit paid, he wandered down to the harbor, to pass the time until his train should start. There was a little crowd there watching a vessel which had had just come in "from the seat of war with wounded men," a bystander explained to Dr. Westwood—the public interest was ever ready in those exciting days for any scrap of news from the shores of the Black Sea.

A sudden overwhelming desire to go on board the ship seized on Dr. Westwood—a sort of presentiment that she held for him a fateful message. He hailed a small boat and pushed off for the vessel, looking, as he approached her, with an anxiety he could not define, up at the wan, bandaged men sunning themselves on deck and gazing listlessly through their weakness at the land. The doctor wrote a word or two on his card and sent it up; he was courteously invited to come on board.

"Can I give you any information, sir?" an officer asked him.

"Yes, sir. Have you brought amongst your passengers a—a Mr. Richard Westwood"—the doctor could never tell what it was that made him so sure of his answer—"or can you give me any chance news of him?"

"Richard Westwood?" repeated the officer slowly. "Was he a private or an officer?"

"An officer—sub lieutenant of H. M. S. *Vanguard*," answered the doctor.

"I am afraid," answered the officer, "that this is the name of a man who died, badly wounded, the day after we left Balaclava harbor. He was brought on board just as we were leaving. Will you step into the captain's cabin, sir? He will give you every information."

The doctor followed him down the stairs, with the certainty on him of what he was about to see and hear, and without a hope of escape in his heart. This was what his presentiment meant—this was why he had come to Plymouth.

"Richard Westwood—yes, here is the name," said the captain, with a merciful lowering of his full voice, as he saw how the gray face set itself to bear the blow. "He died twenty four hours after leaving the shore, unconscious to the last, poor fellow! It was in the last engagement—the blue jackets were in it. There was a good deal of confusion; we were to take the poor fellow to the hospital at Scutari and bring the invalided home. Well, he died in the performance of his duty, a glorious death; we may envy him."

"Thank you," returned poor Dr. Westwood, with his eyes fixed on that fatal entry in the log book, even whilst he wrung the other's proffered hand. "There was a good deal of confusion, you say. Is it possible—could there have been any mistake? The name is not an uncommon one."

"Stay, sir—I will be back in a minute." The captain left the cabin, and Dr. Westwood passed his hand across his damp forehead, for he knew how utterly futile was his own suggestion.

The captain came back with the coat of a naval lieutenant in one hand and a small packet in the other.

"You are his father?" he asked, hesitating as to the relationship.

"No, his brother, the only relative he has left," returned the doctor, accepting the conclusion as he had all along accepted it.

"This is the coat he wore when he was brought on board, and these are the contents of the pockets," said the captain. "Can you identify them?"

The doctor took the short pipe with the amber mouth piece and the Sienna brown bowl, and remembered how the coloring of that bowl had been one of Dick's triumphs, and how he—the doctor—had shaken his head indulgently at the boy's folly. But amber mouthed short pipes with well-browned bowls were common enough in the world. The doctor put it down with the ghost of a doubt rising in his heart, a ghost that was laid quickly enough by the next poor relic, a letter in a girlish handwriting, signed "Armine." This dead man, whose face they were never to see, could be none other than Dick, the young brother of his love and the husband of the girl wife who had penned the loving, hopeful words that Dr. Westwood thought it sacrilege to glance at. Dick would have parted with that letter only with his life.

"We must send these things on in the usual course," said the captain presently; "you can apply for them."

"Yes—yes; I thank you, sir," the doctor returned; and then he stumbled up the cabin stairs, and over the coils of rope, and down into the boat.

He stepped ashore at the landing place, threw a gold piece to the men, and walked on, still in the dreamy preoccupied state. He turned once and looked at the sea, the flowing, sparkling sea, which represented to him now nothing but Dick's grave; and then he turned away from it with a shudder.

There would be no train to take him back to Combe Priors for two hours yet, and he wandered aimlessly about the streets of Plymouth, turning his back persistently to the sea, and with his dread of looking into Armine's face and dealing her the fatal blow increasing every moment.

She met him as he put the latch key into his own door—met him with a joyous face and outstretched hands which held a letter.

"It is from Dick!" she cried. "He is safe and well. Come in and read what he says."

She was in a white gauze evening dress, with flowers in her hair—for there was to be a party at Mrs. Heriot's that night, and the doctor had forgotten it.

"Hephzibah has laid out everything all ready for you," said Armine. "You were so late that we got frightened—and I have had a foolish nervous feeling all day somehow but now that this letter has come I am so happy."

"I cannot tell her! Heaven help me—and her!" groaned the doctor.

Armine did not hear the groan.

"Oh, brother Philip," she exclaimed, as she folded up her precious letter, "how can we be thankful enough? Our Dick is safe, and so many are gone!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LIFE'S CHANGES.—How many to night, through the length and breadth of our crowded city, are vainly clinging to the life which is fast ebbing away; and how many more, soul sick of deceit and treachery, and injustice, finding no resting place for a weary, over tried heart, shrinking from a hopeless future—stung with sorrowful memories of the past—would gladly change places with them and sleep their last sleep. The God who made the heart alone knoweth its bitterness when thus turned back upon itself. He only knoweth, who counteth our tears, how hard it is with *such* an experience *not* to turn, distrustful away from our kind. *He* only knoweth how dark even the bright heaven may be, when such clouds roll between. M. S.

Senator Bruce will reside in Kansas after his Senatorial term.

TWILIGHT MUSINGS.

BY SUSANNE.

If some one had told me when I was young,
In the dewy fields of my life's fresh morn,
How fruitless were all the flowers that sprung
I should have laugh'd their words to scorn.

But the time is past, ah so long ago!
Since I hoped for and dreamed of impossible things,
"What is to be, will be," now I know,
And the years flit by on their careless wings.

Sometimes I look into my soul, and ask,
Has there been a page from my life-book torn?
Or am I only performing the task
That was planned out for me when I was born?

There was romance in my quiet lot,
But thesame old tale that will always be;
Those loved me well whom I loved not,
And the one I loved was cold to me.

But I dream of Heaven, and the thought is sweet—
We shall know and love each other there—
When the parted ships in the haven meet,
And the answer comes to the life long prayer.

I am thankful now for the discipline
Which has soften'd, yet made my heart more strong—
For the hope I have of a love divine,
And the endless life I shall taste ere long.

The Sister's Secret.

BY A. W.

"PLEASE don't, Harry, you hurt me."

The dark, handsome face softened suddenly, and Harry bent and kissed the soft little fingers, crimson from his angry pressure.

"Forgive me, Nettie, I did not know. How fierce I must seem to you. The truth is, I was beside myself. And you see that I have reason. Think of it. An arm that was mine encircling that slender waist. It was enough to drive one frantic. I must must have an explanation, or our engagement is at an end."

"I cannot say more than I have, Harry. I tell you again that your suspicions are cruel and unjust—further than that I cannot. If you do not trust me, it is best that we should part."

"It is as I thought. You are only too glad to be rid of the old love before you receive the new."

He caught her face between his two hands and held it while he studied it, half angrily, half tenderly.

The girl bore his scrutiny for a moment bravely.

Then the red lips began to quiver, and the eyes to fill with tears.

He suddenly kissed her.

"That is my farewell to love and faith. Good bye to both."

Then with long strides he hastened away, as though afraid to trust himself to look back.

Nettie watched him until out of sight; and then, with a long, sobbing sigh, she said:

"It is better thus. I could not keep my secret safe with that distrustful, passionate nature ever on the watch. Oh, Charlie, Charlie, what am I suffering for you!"

Harry, as he said went away from the place, not intending to return until he had overcome his great love. But nature proved too strong for his resolution. He was drawn back as though by invisible cords.

He was a young physician, and had been taken into partnership with the oldest and most skilful practitioner in the town.

When he reached his house, after a few days absence, Dr. Liddell met him at the the door.

"You are just in time Harry. I have been called in haste to old Mrs. Steinburg's dying bed, and that poor girl at the hall is in too critical a state to be neglected. I will trust her to you."

Harry's lips turned ashen pale.

"Whom did you say?"

"Poor little Nettie Webster. It seems weeks instead of days that I've been attending her. She was stricken down suddenly with such a fearful tope of brain fever that I've been there three or four times a day trying to keep her from dying. It's near the crisis now."

Harry waited to hear no more. He took his case of medicines, and hastened to the hall.

An old servant met him at the door. She had evidently been watching for the doctor's arrival

"How is Miss Webster to day?" was Harry's whispered question.

"Quiet. She's still sleeping like for the first time since she's been took. She's always been a sayin' to herself, 'Innocent—innocent! Oh, Harry, trust me!' Then she'll ramble off about Charlie. I can't for the life of me tell who they is she means. It's most likely some of them stories she reads has got into her head, and in her fever she thinks she's acting in 'em."

Poor Harry! Well he knew what it meant. As he went to her bedside he felt as though he had killed her.

There she lay, quietly. But it was the calm of exhaustion.

One short week only since he had seen her—but the rounded outlines had grown strangely sharp, and the luxuriant hair which had clustered about her temples in tendril-like curls, had been cut close to her head.

He bent over her and listened to her breathing, critically. Then he turned to the nurse:

"Do not let her be disturbed on any account. I will be in again in the morning. If she awakens give her this."

The nurse took the powder from him, and he left the room.

At the gate he met a young man. At the first glance he recognized him to be the one whom he had seen walking under the trees with Nettie—his arm about her waist, and her eyes looking up with an expression of intense interest into his face.

It was in a secluded nook in the rear of the Webster estate where few ever went.

Harry not finding Nettie at the house had thought to find her there, and had gone in search of her only to be torn by jealous rage at her supposed duplicity.

He said now:

"Perhaps it will be well for you to defer your visit. Miss Webster is now at the point of death."

Aggrieved as Harry felt himself, he could not but feel sorry for the stranger. He stood a moment as though benumbed. Then he said, huskily:

"Miss Webster—Nettie ying! I must see her. What I have to say is of great importance. It would almost bring her loving spirit back to earth to hear it."

The answer came cold and decisive:

"To all appearances Miss Webster is beyond help. At any rate, all depends on absolute quiet."

"Oh, my little sister! I fear her tender heart has been overburdened with my troubles."

Harry caught his arm convulsively.

"Did I hear aright? Is Miss Webster your sister?"

"Yes, my darling, only sister. Though no one knows of it. I have been in trouble, and all because I was taken for someone else. For the past four years I have been under a cloud of disgrace, though an innocent man. That is why my father bought this place, and removed from his old home. He couldn't stand having the name connected with a criminal, and he wasn't quite sure of my guilt, neither was he confident of the truth of my denial; so he asked me to keep at a respectful distance from his new residence. Nettie, thank God, saved my faith in humanity. She never doubted me. To-day I came hither with a light heart, for all is cleared up. I have the dying deposition of the rascal who had kept out of the hands of justice, leaving me to suffer for his actions. That is why I said that my news might hasten Nettie's recovery. If she dies, the light will go out of my life. Dear, unselfish little sister."

Harry's heart absolutely sang for joy at the thought that Nettie had been true and loyal to him as she had said, though through it all surged a wave of sorrow and remorse at his own cruelty.

He caught the young man's hand and wrung it warmly.

"You are the Charlie then about whom she has been raving in her delirium? You are right. As soon as she awakens her mind shall be put at rest about you, and," he thought to himself, "about one other rash, unjust being who does not deserve that she should live to bless him with her forgiveness."

The next morning he went again to her bedside.

She had not come out of her heavy slumber. So he stationed himself by her to watch the turn of the disease.

For several hours there was no change. Then she moved and opened her eyes.

After a time she seemed to comprehend that it was Harry. Then, with a look of intense pleading, she whispered:

"Forgive——"

He stayed the words upon her lips with a kiss.

"It is all right, darling. I know all. Your brother Charles is here—not only innocent, but proven so. Now you need worry no more. All you have to do is to get well and make us happy."

With a sigh of content the heavy eyes closed. The opiate had taken effect, and once more slumber had shut out the scenes of the outer world.

After this her recovery was rapid, and when, a few months after, the fond old father gave her away at the altar to be loved and cherished at the hearthstone of another, he was not left alone—his son, restored once more to his proper place among men, stood beside him.

Charlie Webster says that his sister's undoubting confidence in his innocence at the time when all others turned against him, was his salvation.

He might have lost all hope, and, in his hot anger at human injustice, have really sunk into the ranks of criminal life.

He did not know until long years after how near Nettie came to wrecking her own happiness. Then he said:

"It was just like you, Nettie. When we were both little children you always managed to bear the brunt or my misdoings. I remember drubbing several boys among my schoolmates for nick naming you 'Nettie, the Martyr.'"

Harry, who was also a listener to Charlie's speech, thought how nearly that last trial had won for his darling the martyr's crown, and consigned him to perpetual mourning for his unreasoning harshness and cruelty to her whom he loved better than life itself.

CHINESE PROVERBS.

MANY of the Chinese proverbs have their counterparts in English; the difference of expression, however, being in many cases characteristic. Thus: "Throw a sprat to catch a whale," is rendered, "Throw a brick to allure a gem." "Not to cry stinking fish," is rendered in Chinese, "The melon seller declares his melons sweet." "Take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves," becomes, "Count cash as though they were gold,"—cash being a coin of the smallest denomination. Again, "A rolling stone gathers no moss," is translated, "The swallow plastering its nest is labor lost,"—this being a very happy allusion to the migratory habits of that bird. "Preparing is preventing," an old English expression, has its counterpart in, "Get the coffin ready, and the man won't die;" whilst "Too many cooks will spoil the broth," is rendered by the curious expression, "Seven hands and eight feet." "There is a black sheep in every flock." becomes, "Crows are black the world over." And the oft quoted saying of "Robbing Peter to pay Paul," assumes the form "To pull down the western wall to repair the eastern."

A great number of proverbs among the Chinese are noticeable chiefly for their peculiar forms of expression, or the singularity of the figurative language used. To lend to a spendthrift is "To pelt a dog with meat dumplings." An impracticable task is described as "Kua Fu's race after the sun's shadow;" or in derision of its inutility, as, "A blind man going up a mountain to view the scenery."

Many allusions are made in Chinese proverbs to the decrees of Fate, and the people are firm believers that "Nothing follows man's calculations, but that his whole life is arranged by Fate." The opposite belief, however, finds expression in the following curious sentence, which in sentiment is much more healthy, "The more I study, the more I miss the mark—what have I to do with Fate? The more I miss the mark, the more I study—what has Fate to do with me?"—a peculiar arrangement of an antithetical sentence, and containing much food for thought. A man without the necessary information is "A blind man on a blind horse coming at midnight to a deep ditch;" whilst the following is a little gem in the way of curious expression. Speaking of the scarcity of good men, the Chinese say, "There are 'two' good men; one of them is dead, the other unborn." A man with an extreme absence of mind is said "to seek the ass he is riding on;" or still more frequently, his bundle, his umbrella, and himself are represented as three individualities; and he is made to say, "Here's my bundle,—here's my umbrella,—but where am I?" Umbrellas, by the bye, are important possessions among the Chinese and the allusion to the same in the following curious verse will be readily appreciated; moreover, the moral conveyed is extremely good:

He hoards to-day: he hoards to-morrow; does nothing else but hoard;
At length he has enough a new umbrella to afford:
When all at once he is assailed—a wind arises quick,
And both his hands grab nothing but a new umbrella stick.

Servants seem almost as much trouble among the Celestials as among the English. A very independent domestic tells his master bluntly: "There are temples elsewhere than on Mount Ni;" whilst on the other hand the employer will give vent to his spleen in the following curious if not complimentary saying: "One man will carry two buckets of water for his own use; two will carry one for their joint use; but three will carry none for anybody's use." "A lean dog shames his master," is the reproof offered to a mean employer by his servant.

A nun of the English Cloister for Young Girls has at a moment's notice been turned out into the streets of Prague, without a florin in her pocket, for having given shelter during one night in her cell to her sick and destitute father, who had paid her a visit during the day, and who, as he was leaving her, said that he had not money enough to procure himself a night's lodging. He was at last persuaded by his daughter to remain all night in the convent. He was once a cavalryman, and very well off, but lost his money in speculation.

Senator Conkling's residence overlooks Utica, being placed on the highest point of land. The house and grounds probably are worth $40 000 The house is square, with high steps and a portico, a large treble-windowed door, a gallery running all around the sky line, and a tall flagstaff topping a red, flattish, conical roof The carriage way in front encircles a flower plot, and there are beautiful oaks and pines on the lawn.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

A LONG TRAIN.—On the Pennsylvania Railroad lately engine No. 4 drew from Clark's Ferry to Sunbury, a distance of 31 miles, a train consisting of one hundred and eighty three empty freight cars, one loaded eight-wheeler, two cabooses, and a dead engine. It was up grade work, but the trip was made at the rate of ten miles an hour. The train was six thousand two hundred feet long, or nine hundred and twenty feet more than a mile, and, it is claimed, was the longest ever drawn by a single engine.

A GENEROUS WIFE.—In 1454 Sir Stephen Foster was Lord Mayor of London. He had been long in prison and penury on account of his inordinate profuseness It chanced that a most fantastical widow, who knew not how to get rid of her immense wealth, saw him begging at the gate; she admired his fine person, learned his history, paid his debts and married him, asking of him only this one favor, that he would lavish away her fortune as fast as he could. Foster, probably from perverseness, became a sober husband and a prudent manager, and only expended large sums in really good purposes.

JAPANESE CARRIAGES.—"In Yokohama," writes a missionary, "I was surprised at seeing a native in European dress with bright metallic buttons, harnessed to an elegant two wheeled carriage; he politely offered his services. He was a gjurickaha, performing a double function, that of horse and driver. In Yokohama as well as in Tokio and Yeddo, there was not to be found a single horse with driver. In the capital of Japan the number of gjurickshas is about 80 000. Among them are persons belonging to the nobility whom poverty has reduced to this industry. Palanquins, which were formerly used, are not now seen. Happily for the gjurickshas, the streets of the Japanese cities are very smooth, and the wheeling of a light carriage is apparently not hard. As a rule, but one person is seated in the carriage, though sometimes there are two, and in rare cases a whole family is drawn by a gjuricksha.

THE ORIGIN OF CROQUET.—Croquet is not as many suppose, of modern birth, but may be traced through its various stages to Persia as far back as the eighth century. Its origin was polo, which the Persians played with a long handled mallet called *chugan*. In the ninth century the game made its way into the Eastern Empire, the original mallet changing its form with a network of gut strings. The original ball games in which sticks were used were played on horseback, and instead of polo being an outgrowth of the sports played on foot, the latter are the changes made in the Persian game of *chugan* which, as has been said, was the parent of all our games in which artificial means are used to propel the ball. The translation from the *chugan* of Persia to the short-handled mallet used on foot was easy and natural, and the substitution of a club came by gradual changes, the hand being probably the original instrument.

THE BOOMERANG.—This curious weapon, peculiar to the native Australian, has often proved a puzzler to men of science. It is a piece of carved wood, nearly in the form of a crescent, from 30 to 40 inches long, pointed at both ends, and the corner quite sharp. The mode of using it is quite as singular as the weapon. Ask a black to throw it so as to fall at his feet, and away it goes full 40 yards before him, skimming along the surface at 3 or 4 feet from the ground, when it will suddenly rise in the air 40 or 60 feet, describing a curve, and finally drop at the feet of the thrower. During its course it revolves with great rapidity, as on a pivot, with a whizzing noise. It is wonderful so barbarous a people should have invented so singular a weapon, which sets laws of progression at defiance. It is very dangerous for a European to try to project it at any object, as it may return and strike himself. In a native's hand it is a formidable weapon striking without the projector being seen.

A REMARKABLE ECHO.—In the gardens of Les Rochas, France, once the well known residence of Mme. de Sevigne, is a remarkable echo, which illustrates finely the conducting and reverberating powers of a flat surface. The Chateau des Rochas is situated not far from the interesting and ancient town of Vitre. A broad gravel walk on a dead flat conducts through the garden to the house. In the centre of this on a particular spot, the listener is placed at the distance of about ten or twelve yards from another person, who, similarly placed, addresses him in a low and, in the common acceptation of the term, inaudible whisper, when, "Lo! what myriads rise!" for immediately, from thousands and tens of thousands of invisible tongues, starting from the earth beneath, or as if every pebble was gifted with powers of speech, the sentence is repeated with a slight hissing sound, not unlike the whirling of small shot passing through the air. On removing from this spot, however trifling the distance, the intensity of the repetition is slightly diminished and within a few feet ceases to be heard. Under the idea that the ground was hollow beneath the soil has been dug up to a considerable depth, but without discovering any clue to the solution of the mystery.

MY LOST LOVE.

BY A. T. R.

When the silence of the midnight
  Closes round my lonely room,
And faintly struggling through the curtains
  Mystic moonbeams light the gloom;
When above the fevered fancies
  Of the weary heart and brain,
Kindly slumber, creeping near me,
  Reasserts her welcome reign;
In the seeming
Of my dreaming,
In all the glow that used to be,
My lost love comes back to me.

When the fair delusive phantom
  Fades before the wakening dawn,
And the rosy smile of sunrise
  Gleams athwart the dew drenched lawn;
Gazing from the opened lattice,
  Yearning memory pictures there,
Shadowed by enlacing branches,
  Sweet blue eyes and golden hair;
And the sunlight
Takes the one light
That it had for me erewhile
In my lost love's happy smile.

In the glory of the noontide,
  Her low ringing laugh I hear,
In the whisp'ring of the leaflets,
  Her light footstep springing near;
In each snow-white lily's swaying
  Is reflection of her grace;
In each rose's opening beauty
  Shines for me her fair young face;
Till through the falling
Shadows calling,
As even darkens hill and plain,
I hear my lost love's voice again.

So the hours are peopled for me,
  Through the haunted days and nights;
While fancy mocks my lonely vigils,
  With the ghost of dead delights;
And I let loud life sweep by me,
  Dreaming by the silent hearth,
Where the vision of my darling
  Gives old gladness back to earth;
While through each gloaming
Swiftly coming
In sweet false lights of joy and truth,
My lost love gives me back my youth.

VERA;

—OR,—

A Guiltless Crime.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CECIL CARLISLE," ETC.

CHAPTER IX.

ONCE clear of the park, Vivian turned his horse's head into the road to Temple Rest. When he reached it he was informed that Mr. Calderon was out, and that Miss Calderon had gone into the park; the servant did not know when she would return.

"I dare say I shall find her there," said Vivian. "Thank you."

Glancing up as he rode away, he beheld, at an upper window, a bright, comely Irish face; and, guessing it to be Vera's old nurse Aileen, he lifted his hat, and, smiling bowed low.

"Och, thin," exclaimed Aileen to herself, "if it isn't the handsomest gintleman me eyes iver see—and the grace wid him! He can't be bad; I'll never bolave it—never!"

When he reached the park, Vivian rode slowly. He had not to search far; he came upon her quite suddenly, and was not a hundred paces from her when he saw her. She was sitting under a tree on a seat formed by its root, and looked a perfect picture in her negligent attitude and flowing robe of rich blue, with a graceful gray plumed hat set carelessly on her graceful head. It was Alba's bounding up to her that first apprised her of the neighborhood of his master and she rose up quickly, and looked round in pleased surprise, just as Vivian sprang from his horse and approached her.

"The servant told me," he said, lifting to his lips the hand she held out to him, "that I should find you in the park; and so I ventured to come and seek you."

"I met your brother to-day," said Vera, "and he escorted me home. He tried on the road to make me understand something about the fields we rode through; but I don't think I am much wiser for his instructions."

"You have my sympathy, Miss Calderon."

After this remark the conversation took a general turn and Vivian was astonished when he perceived from the growing shadows the lateness of the hour.

"Miss Calderon," he said, looking up, "you make me forget that the evening gloom is creeping up, and that your patience may be wearing out."

"Oh, no!" returned Vera. "My patience has not been called upon. And, to show you that I speak truth, I will, if you can spare the time, make another claim upon it."

She rose as she spoke. Vivian rose too.

"I only await your commands, Miss Calderon."

"I want to hear you play, Mr. Devereux. I was told that you had no mean skill on the piano; and I know from yourself that you are a musician, and share my pet predilections."

"A lady's wish is a knight's law," said Vivian.

Vera laughed, but made no demur; and they walked on to the house, Vivian leading his horse, which, at the hall door, was consigned to the charge of a servant.

"Is my father in yet?" Vera asked of a footman, as she led the way to the drawing-room.

"No, Miss Calderon, he is not."

"Strange!" she murmured half to herself. "He said he would not be absent long."

She entered the drawing room, in which her artistic taste had already made its mark, and opened the splendid grand piano.

"There is music in abundance," she said, "if memory fail. Choose first yourself."

She crossed the room and stood by the mantelpiece to listen. Vivian's first touch on the keys showed her he had the musician's gift and cultivation. From piece to piece he went with the taste of a true musician. The evening shadows crept up unheeded and filled the room. Suddenly, before the ring of the last chord he struck had died away, Vivian rose from the instrument. "Will you play for me?" he said in a low tone. "Have I earned my reward?"

"Far more than earned it," answered Vera's soft contralto through the gathering gloom; and she came forward.

How her eyes shone, speaking far more than her lips, as she thanked him.

He sat down at a little distance from her, when she took her place at the piano, but still where he could watch her face; and Vera, unconscious of any cause for embarrassment, played, as he had done, from memory. Vivian's heart went back to the days that had seemed so long gone by, but were now so near, when, as a little child, he had sat for hours listening to his mother's playing, his whole being kneeling before her in adoration. It was his mother's favorite melody.

What emotion stirred within him as he listened to the wonderful melody which she had so loved, evermore to be linked in memory with this summer gloaming, the vague sweet odor of flowers, and Vera's form and face—this girl whom he saw for the second time to day, whose thread of life was to be woven with his! He did not yet know himself the mastering passion, the motive force that a true love would be to him; he only knew now that the girl was playing to him as his mother had played in his innocent childhood.

Vera trembled a little as she ceased, and rose. She was not fully conscious of the wonderful pathos she had thrown into the melody. She knew that she lingered over it more lovingly than ever before; and it seemed to her as though Vivian's mother were some one she had known.

"Thank you," Vivian said gently, as the girl turned to him. "You have taken me back to the brightest—ay, the best days of my life. Would that that past, this present could be a lasting reality!" He paused, and then added, in an altered tone, "Again I am forgetting the passage of time; and again I must plead pardon."

"It is not very late I think," returned Vera, glancing at her watch; and then an anxious look came into her eyes. "I wish my father were at home," she said involuntarily.

"Have you cause for fear? Do you know where he is gone, Miss Calderon?"

"No; he told me before I went into the park that he should be going out in an hour or two, and would not be long. He must be gone now more than three hours. I am not timid for myself, nor generally for others unless there is good reason. But I am uneasy to night, and I don't know why."

"There is no danger of his being interfered with," said Devereux.

"Oh, no, indeed, Mr. Devereux! I believe I am unreasonable—a woman's privilege."

"It is a privilege which I claim to share then sometimes," said Vivian. "Adieu, Miss Calderon—no, I will not say that—au revoir."

Vera gave him her hand, smiling assent to his self correction. He stooped and kissed it lightly, but with even more of reverence in his manner than when he greeted her earlier that day—and then he was gone, and Vera was alone.

Terribly alone she felt, standing in the midst of the great drawing room, almost dark now. She shivered, and went out quickly, seeking Aileen.

"Aileen," she said, putting her arms round her, and laying her soft cheek against that of her faithful nurse, "it is growing late. I wish my father would come home."

CHAPTER X.

IT was a warm still summer night; the moon had not yet risen, but the stars made a soft twilight; and Vivian Devereux rode home through the shady lane. He was yet more than a mile from Chandos Royal, when the sound of breaking twigs, as if some one were making a passage for himself through the hedge, which was in places thin and straggling, caught his ear. He drew bridle and paused, bending forward a little towards the spot from which the sound had come. Alba heard too, and stopped, looking up his master. A moment afterwards a man's heavy and swiftly retreating footstep was heard among the long grass of the field and then all was still. Alba gave a suppressed growl, and Vivian saw that he was watching something intently. Following the direction of the animal's eyes, he caught sight of a white garment among the trees, a little way ahead. Yes, it was a woman's figure, sitting down, and she was either weeping or looking at something in her hand. A sudden suspicion shot through Vivian's mind, and he muttered a fierce expletive.

"Oh, brother," he said to himself; "what good taste to ride with Vera Calderon to-day and then fly your hawk at such game as this to-night!"

He rode on slowly. The muffled hoof-strokes on the turf did not strike the sitter's ears till the rider was so close as to recognise Farmer Tredegar's daughter, and to see that she held in her hands something that flashed and glittered. She looked up with a start and half-stifled cry, and rose instantly to her feet and began to walk quickly away, trying to thrust the perilous toy into her dress. In a second however the horseman was beside her, and his mellow voice addressed her.

"Good evening, pretty Maggie! You were not so frightened of me at the ball. Am I ogre or witch, that you fly from me like this?"

The girl paused. Her face was flushed, she trembled in every limb. Her downcast eyes and agitated manner were sufficiently self betraying; but instinctive duplicity came to her aid.

"Please, Mr. Vivian, it's late for me to be out; and it—it—I was sorry, sir"—curtseying—"that you should see me. Oh, sir, Father will be anxious. Good night, sir."

"Not so fast, Maggie." Before she knew his intention he had dismounted, and was standing beside her. "Don't shrink and tremble. I will escort you past these quiet places. I have something to say to you."

Maggie said no more, but walked on in silence and with averted head. Vivian passed his arm through his horse's bridle, and kept by her side, silent too for a few moments. It was not an easy task he had set himself; but he was bent upon saving Maggie, if possible, at any cost.

"Maggie," he said quietly at length. "May I see the trinket you were looking at just now?"

The girl turned as white as death.

"It was nothing," she said faintly—"not worth—"

"Hist, lassie! Come, let me see it."

Maggie could no more have defied Vivian Devereux than she could have flown. With sinking heart and fingers that could hardly perform their task, she drew out the bauble and laid it in Devereux's hand—it was a glittering chain of pearls and emeralds, set in gold.

"Who gave you this?" he asked. "It is a costly gift for a peasant lover."

Maggie began to sob. Vivian walked on without a word for a few moments, and then repeated his question.

"Stand still," he said, until you are able to answer me."

The girl nerved herself to a desperate effort.

"Please, sir—Mr. Vivian—it can't matter to you."

"Don't trifle with me!" said Vivian sternly. Then, changing his tone, he drew her hands with gentle force from her face, and held them in his own.

"Listen to me, Maggie," he said; "they have told you that I am wild and wicked. So be it; but I have never wronged a good girl, and will never see it done if I can prevent it. I can tell you who it was you came here to meet, and who gave you this wretched bauble; but I must hear the name from you. Now tell me."

The answer came in a whisper—

"Please sir—Mr. Duke."

"I knew it!" said Vivian through his teeth; and he dropped her hands.

There was a brief silence. Maggie hid her face and sobbed again. Then Vivian spoke gently, even tenderly, but firmly—

"Maggie, no good can come of this; and, if you do not know it, I must tell you. You are a good, pure, pretty girl—a farmer's daughter; my brother is a gentleman nobly born, and rich. He cannot marry you; he has no thought of it; and it can only bring shame on you to let him meet you, and talk to you, and give you costly jewels that you can never wear as an honest man's wife. I am sure you cannot love him. Your own pure heart must tell that no real happiness can follow from a girl in your position allowing a man so far above her to trifle with her. Think of your father, child; think of your mother—poor Maggie, you have no mother, but her memory should keep you from wrong—think of your own good name. It is black-hearted villainy—ay, though I speak of my own brother—to practise on your ignorance and vanity. But it must not, shall not be! You must never see him again, Maggie!"

"Oh sir—Mr. Vivian!"

Vivian drew back a step and looked at her with a strange mingling of pity and stern surprise in his face. Was the girl foolish, or really reckless? He would test her.

"Very well," he said coldly, "as you will, Maggie; but, when the dark days come, when you are no longer 'a lady,' decked in satin and jewels, but an outcast, then remember that Vivian Devereux tried to save his little playmate. Here is your trinket; it is dearly bought, Maggie. Good night."

He held out the glittering string of jewels but Maggie, cut to the very heart, as he had anticipated, dashed the chain to the ground, and fell down at his feet with such a burst of anguish that Vivian felt as if every deliberately barbed word recoiled on himself.

"Oh, Mr. Vivian," cried the poor girl, choked with her bitter grief, "don't, don't! Oh, don't believe such things of me—don't leave me! I am vain and silly, but I'm not wicked. I want to be good—I do indeed. Do help me; I'll do whatever you tell me, and bless your name while I have life because you found me and told me how foolish I was. I believe you, Mr. Vivian; you couldn't deceive!"

Vivian stooped and raised the girl.

"I will speak to you as we go on," said the young man; "it is getting rather late for you to be out alone."

He stooped and picked up the chain, and saw Maggie glance at it as he dropped it carelessly into his coat pocket—glance at it half wistfully, but almost directly afterwards she shuddered.

"Have you any relatives," he said presently, "living away from Pengarth?"

"Yes, sir; my aunt lives near Barnstaple. I've often stopped with her."

"Then, Maggie, if it is possible, leave Pengarth for a while; no one need know anything; for your own sake, and I am sure too, for mine, you will not repeat anything; and my brother will not, for he would have men think well of him. In a few months you will remember all this as a bad dream; but will be safest out of the way of temptation. Don't you think so?"

"I do and I promise you, Mr. Vivian; and I'll die sooner than break my word!"

She spoke without any exaggeration of tone and manner, but with intense heartfelt earnestness.

"I know I can trust you, Maggie." He halted, for they had reached a stile which stood between them and the Croome Lea—a field leading direct to Tredegar Farm. "Now then good night, my little playmate. I will not go any farther with you, because it would be no kindness to you if any one saw you with me, but I will wait here till you are safe at the farm."

He took her hand, enclosing it with a firm kindly clasp, and Maggie faltered through her tears—

"Mr. Vivian, I only wish I could ever do something to show you how grateful I am; but it couldn't be much I could do for one like you—so much above me. Good night; Heaven bless you, Mr. Vivian!"

He smiled that bright sweet smile of his as he helped her over the stile. It was something to this young lord of Rougemont, whom all the world flattered and courted, to have a genuine blessing from a peasant girl's heart.

He watched her across the field, and, for some minutes after she had vanished within her father's house, he stood in the same spot, grave and thoughtful. A short whine from Alba roused him from his reverie, and he turned with a start. At the same moment a figure—he could not see in the darkness and at the distance whether it was a man or a woman—sprang into the field as if it had come from the immediate neighborhood of the stile, skirted the hedge till a means of exit was discovered, and then disappeared.

"Heaven forbid," said Devereux inwardly "that any one should have seen me with that girl! How could I clear her—I, too, whom my virtuous brother has taught the world to believe a very Don Juan, while he —— Duke Devereux, there is not a chapter in my life—no spotless record—that would render as black a tale as you would have written, with this poor girl for its heroine."

He mounted his horse, and rode back through the summer night to Chandos Royal; but more than once, amid other and more momentous thoughts, his mind reverted to the dark figure that had stealthily as it seemed to him—stolen through the hedge into the Croome Lea. Who was it?

CHAPTER XI.

DUKE DEVEREUX and Percy Everest had ridden over to see some new cattle which the former had just purchased, and of which he was very proud; and, returning, they called at Tredegar Farm, Duke remarking carelessly that he wanted to speak to the farmer concerning a field which he was about to take. Everest waited outside, while Duke went in to talk to the farmer. He was not long gone, and returned to his companion with a face that at once showed that astute young gentleman that something had annoyed him. But he pretended not to notice it.

"Well," said he cheerfully, "and how is pretty Maggie, Mr. Devereux?"

"Maggie!" returned Duke. "Oh, she has gone to stay with an aunt somewhere in Devonshire! The old fellow seemed foggy about the place. It's nothing to me."

As the two gentlemen dismounted, Lady Constance came out upon the terrace and told them that breakfast was ready. Duke and Everest though they had eaten a slight breakfast before their morning ride, were quite ready for a second meal, and Lady Constance, as soon as her cousin and guest were seated, proceeded to pour out coffee.

She had just commenced some commonplace remark about the weather, when Vivian came in through the open window, saluted those present, and seated himself in a low arm chair near the window, taking up a newspaper which lay near. Vivian

did not patronise nine o'clock breakfasts—indeed, Lady Constance could not make out she said, when he took it.

Duke, after some moments' silence, turned to his cousin.

"Cousin," he said, "why don't you write and ask Mr. Calderon and his daughter to come over to luncheon, and afterwards spend the afternoon and evening with us? Miss Calderon wanted to see the house—the galleries especially."

"That would be nice," exclaimed the lady. "Very well, Duke; I will send a messenger directly after breakfast."

"I will take the invitation," said Duke quickly.

Was it to prevent his brother from speaking? But, if so, such haste was unnecessary. Vivian had no intention of interposing. He addressed Everest, of whom he had formed his own opinion—not a favorable one.

"Well, Everest, are the cattle as superb as the Mark Lane Express, or Farmer's Journal, or some other authority, says they are? How are the cattle in Barton's meadow? I saw you by Tredegar's Farm."

"Did you?" said Everest. "Were you that way?"

"No; but my sight carries far. I saw you?"

"I called about the wheat field Farmer Tredegar is going to take," put in Duke coldly.

"And got a draught of milk from the fair hands of pretty Maggie—plead guilty," said Vivian—"you, at any rate, Everest?"

"She wasn't there," answered Duke, glancing at his brother to see how he would take the news. "She has gone to stay somewhere in Devonshire."

"Has she?" questioned Vivian, with such admirable dissimulation that Everest looked at him with—to Vivian's keen, covert gaze—a visible start—an expression that, fleeting though it was, said plainly, "You pretend not to know!"

Vivian was satisfied. He had gained both pieces of information that he had framed his speeches to elicit. He knew that Maggie was gone, and he knew who it was that jumped into the Croome Lea three nights before. How much had the Canadian seen and overheard?

"I hope the bonnie damsel will enjoy herself," he added, with exactly the right amount of interest in his manner, and went back to his paper.

Breakfast over, Lady Constance wrote her note and give it to Duke, who took his departure forthwith. Percy Everest retired to write some letters, and Vivian was about to quit the room also, when his cousin stopped him.

"My dear Vivian, I wanted to ask you about Rougemont—the church living, you know?"

Vivian halted for a moment and said—

"Cousin I am sorry, but I have made an appointment already. A good deserving man, and one who would not take it if he did not take it from the highest motives. There are few men I believe in, but one of those few is Wilford Coryn, Doctor of Divinity, who is my choice. Will you excuse me?"

He quitted the room and went to his study. He had not thought it necessary to repeat to his cousin one reason that weighed strongly with him in selecting Doctor Coryn—a reason that would have steeled many men against him, but instantly won the deep reverence and respect of Vivian Devereux. Wilford Coryn, a stranger personally to the young aristocrat, had not scrupled, while he was at college, to call upon him and boldly, yet with infinite kindness and gentleness, rebuke him, not because his life was worse than that of others—for in truth it was far better than most whose temptations were not so great—but because he was the cynosure of all eyes, because what he did was imitated and exaggerated, and because he was more responsible than many, but certainly took no account of that fact. How the haughty Devereux, who generally resented interference, and had probably never before in his life been reproved for "stylish peccadilloes," appreciated the fearless conduct of the poor curate, was proved by the letter which he now wrote, asking his acceptance of the living of Rougemont as a "favor" to himself, and for the sake of the people, who, he was sure, had been a great deal neglected of late.

It never occurred to Vivian Devereux that there was anything magnanimous in his own conduct, anything to merit commendation; and it certainly never occurred to him, when he received in reply a simple and earnest letter accepting the living of Rougemont, and thanking the patron for his disinterested selection of one so little personally known to him, that Wilford Coryn would one day hold in his hands the honor—the very existence—of the proud House of Devereux.

CHAPTER XII.

ARTHUR CALDERON did not return home till near nine o'clock, and he then went straight to his private apartments, and sent a message down to Vera that he was not very well, but did not wish to be disturbed.

He appeared the next morning at the usual time, and, though many might not have noticed any change in a countenance always sombre and morose, Vera's keen eyes did notice a difference. She greeted him, however in her customary manner, and made no allusion to the preceding night. But presently her father spoke rather hastily as though he felt some explanation was due yet gave it reluctantly. The letter, he said which he had received on the night of the ball was from an old college friend whom he had believed dead; he had got into difficulties—indeed did not dare to show himself. On the previous night he—Calderon—had met him and arranged matters; but the whole affair had upset him very much—he had no desire to speak of it again. Vera listened in silence, and made no comment. She seemed however to believe him. Vera Calderon was well fitted to play the part that lay before her in a strange and terrible drama.

It was three mornings after this that Duke Devereux called with the invitation from Lady Constance, and Vera sent to her father who was in his study, to tell him who had come.

Full twenty minutes Duke spent in beautiful Vera's company before Mr. Calderon entered, and his daughter noticed that his lips were white and drawn, and his hand as he held it out, trembled. He accepted the invitation however, and consented to accompany Duke back to Chandos Royal, and while Vera went to change her attire, he talked with Devereux upon various subjects, or rather he listened and Duke talked.

When they reached Chandos Royal, and Vera, who was an accomplished driver, pulled up the ponies in dashing style in front of the broad steps mounting to the terrace before the drawing-room windows, Lady Constance hurried out with great eagerness, and Duke, dismounting, gave his hand to the fair visitor, while Everest almost immediately came up to claim his share of recognition.

"I don't know where Vivian is," said Lady Constance, looking round; "I dare say he will appear directly. How good of you to come so early! We shall have a nice long day."

They entered the house and just then the drawing-room door opened and Vera saw Vivian's tall figure by the piano, where he was turning over some music. He came forward at once, and Duke's jealous gaze could not note anything more in his manner than his usual courtly gallantry; he did not see the added light in Vera's soft eyes, the added brightness of her smile.

"Now," exclaimed Lady Constance after some desultory conversation, "Miss Calderon has come partly on a tour of inspection so I dare say she would like to do some of it before luncheon. Am I right, Miss Calderon?"

"Thank you, I should indeed."

"Well," exclaimed Sir Randal, who had come up, "then you young people go one way and I will go another with Mr. Calderon, if he will honor me. He is an enthusiast in coins and medals and old armor and weapons, and I am going to show him my collection. I have them, Mr. Calderon of all periods and nations."

"You should add my Glaour dagger to your collection then," observed Vivian. "It is a veritable Greek weapon, Mr. Calderon, that I brought from the Levant, and once belonged to a famous Greek brigand."

"I thought so the moment I saw it," said Mr. Calderon. "I should like to examine it more closely."

"It is in a drawer in the red library—in the chess table, I believe, father," said Vivian. "Well, Miss Calderon, whither do your wishes lead you first?"

"I am afraid to venture on the pictures before luncheon," answered Vera, smiling; "some one must choose for me."

"Let me then have that honor," said Duke, "Will you come to the great banqueting-hall? I am not very learned in art, but you are."

"Your brother can supply all deficiencies" Vera remarked; "he is a *connoisseur*."

Duke made no response, but led the way to the banqueting hall; and here Percy Everest, quietly observant, saw how entirely Duke was cast into the shade by his half-brother, and indeed, Percy thought, with a mental shrug, if Vivian stood still and folded his arms, what chance had Duke Devereux of winning a woman's favor while he was but small chance in any case to win Vera Calderon.

Was he, Percy Everest, a wholly disinterested onlooker? Certainly to dream of Vera was presumption; she was "so far above him;" her sphere in the world was not his. Yet—yet—who knew what Fate or Fortune might bring in the lottery of life? He could spring a mine under Vivian's feet. At any rate, however, the good things of this world came to him. Mr. Percy Clinton Everest was not the man to obtain a footing in a great house and lose it without a struggle.

As the party was returning to the dining room, Vera caught, through an open door, a glimpse of a face that made her pause.

"Your picture, Mr. Devereux!" she said, turning to Vivian.

"Go in and look at it, Miss Calderon," answered Vivian, smiling.

Vera crossed the room and paused before a portrait—the work apparently of a Spanish artist—of a man so like Vivian that for a moment the girl was staggered. She looked at him, then at the picture, and then she said slowly—

"Ah, I know! It is your cousin, Coun, Saint Leon. It is wonderfully like you Mr Devereux but there are differences."

"Yes, when you see the two faces together," observed Everest, who had followed them; "but apart you could easily make a mistake. Don't you think so?"

"Yes, at first"—and she turned away from the picture.

"Very like Vivian, isn't it," asked Duke, meeting them at the door—"and not more of a foreigner?"

There was nothing in the words themselves, but the manner revealed the intention. Vera returned quietly—

"I have been often taken for a Spaniard Mr. Devereux."

Duke flushed to his temples.

"Miss Calderon, you cannot think——"

"Oh, no—I pardon you, Mr. Devereux! You don't like foreigners; but I have lived all my life among them, and in the long run I think they are as good as most people."

"Hear! hear!" exclaimed Everest. "Whither does this lead?" he added suddenly, pausing before a noble arched door.

An evil light sprang into Duke's eyes.

"Oh," he said, "that leads to the apartments of the late Lady Devereux—my father's second wife! They are locked—goodness knows why—and my father has the key. We will go through them after luncheon, if you like."

Vera glanced instinctively at Vivian, and saw that a look had come into his face which few men would care to defy. She interposed directly—

"I think not, Mr. Devereux—at least, I have no wish myself to pass that threshold, and I am sure"—fixing her eyes full on Percy's face—"that Mr. Everest has not."

"No, of course not," replied Everest, bowing; "I did not know there was any objection."

"There is none," said Duke, whose violent and overbearing temper continually made him overstep the limits of good breeding. "My father would be only too happy Miss Calderon."

"My father's second wife," interposed Vivian's clear, sweet voice quietly, "was my mother. Her apartments are not usually shown, even to guests. Miss Calderon, I thank you for your courtesy. Shall we pass on?"

The veins stood out like whipcords on Duke's forehead; even his fierce temper had to be curbed now, and he was silenced. But Duke Devereux never forgot and never forgave.

They went back to the dining-room for luncheon, and later in the day portions of the mansion were visited, and Vera saw the portrait of Stephanie de Rohan, Vivian's mother.

This particular one—for there were three or four, altogether, one of which hung in her own boudoir—was Vivian said, perhaps the best, and was similar to one at Rougemont. It hung over the mantelpiece in what was called the white room, and represented Lady Devereux at full length, standing on a terrace, and dressed in violet velvet and pearls. Vera stood before it gazing long intently and wistfully. How beautiful she was! He was so like her that Vera could not say all she thought, even if she had cared to speak of Vivian's mother before Duke Devereux and Percy Everest.

She turned away silently, and Duke wondered; but Vivian did not.

When Arthur Calderon and his daughter took leave, the latter said to Vivian—

"Perhaps we may next meet in town, Mr. Devereux. My father is not going, but I shall stop with Lady Kynaston, my cousin, in Stratton Street. I leave here the day after to-morrow; if you have time, find your way to Stratton Street."

"'If,' Miss Calderon? I think there can be no doubt it. I thank you. *Au revoir.*"

CHAPTER XIII.

THERE were few vacant places in the House of Commons on this occasion—it was the night of a great debate in Parliament and Vivian Devereux had been announced to make his maiden speech. All the galleries were crowded. It was not usual for a member to speak so soon after his entrance into the House, but it was generally known that the leaders, relying on his brilliant reputation, had especially asked him to speak on this occasion; so a murmur ran through the assemblage when the young member entered and took his place, and not a few opera glasses were leveled at him, while he, accepting all this notice and scrutiny with perfect coolness, glanced up instinctively to where Vera sat, for he had seen her on the previous night at Lady Kynaston's house, and she had told him she would be there.

After some little time taken up in preliminary business there was a movement, a hush of expectation and Vivian Chandos Devereux rose in his place. As he stood erect before them all, an involuntary murmur of admiration hummed through the great assemblage.

It was but a moment that Chandos Devereux paused, and then he spoke, and his silver voice, not loud, but clear and soft, penetrated to the farthest corner of the House and filled the entire space. In the first few minutes he compelled close attention; in ten minutes the House was listening to him in rapt silence. Could one believe that such wonderful eloquence, such splendor of style, belonged to a man not yet five and-twenty? He spoke for little over an hour, and craved pardon of the House for having as their youngest member, occupied attention so long. He was greeted with tumultuous cheering, and cries from all parts of the House to 'Go on, go on!" But he did not respond to the invitation; he sat down amid cheers that shook the walls, and were renewed again and again.

One or two more speakers followed, and the House voted, the result being a large majority for his side. The members poured out. Vivian was surrounded—mobbed; many declared—and with truth—that his speech had did all, and, as he drove back to his chambers, his paramount thought was of Vera Calderon. Would his triumph be her delight? Ah, surely yes! No look or tone betrayed her, and yet could he be wrong in believing that what touched him nearly found some place in her heart? But, if not—if he was nothing to her—if he could never win her—for he put it clearly to himself now—he loved Vera Calderon, with a strength that would have hewn down all barriers save her will; but, if that interposed, what could suffice? Could ambition—the glorious career that was in his grasp—fame—dominion? Ah, no, no!

CHAPTER XIV.

AFTER the debate, Vivian had intended to remain in town a few days, but a letter received by the morning's post altered his plans. It was from Lady Constance. Sir Randal wished him to return as soon as possible; his health was "very precarious," and the family physician—Sir Randal would never see any other—said that he might linger for a long time, but was very likely to die suddenly. She herself, she added, must leave for town in a day or two.

Intending therefore to leave in the afternoon for Pengarth, Vivian went to Stratton street in the morning to bid adieu to Lady Kynaston, and that lady received him with the warmest congratulations. She wished she had been there; Miss Calderon said he spoke splendidly. While he answered his hostess politely, Vera came in, and he turned to greet her. Her few words were more to him than all the praise that others had showered on him; her proud smile thrilled him as no other tribute had done. He bent low over her hand in silence, speaking his thanks in a way that made her color rise. When he was taking his leave, he said in a low mellow voice—

"Miss Calderon, I have won to-day from your lips the brightest jewel of all."

"No," she answered; "the brightest is Fame."

"But Fame ever looked to Beauty for the victor's crown."

There was a reply upon her lip, but she feared the possible answer, and so let him have the last word.

She left London by a night train, and arrived at Temple Rest in time for luncheon. Her father met her in the hall, and Vera saw at once that something very unusual had happened. Aileen had of course accompanied her mistress to London, and knew nothing. Vera, however, when she went to dress for luncheon, turned to the Irishwoman, and said—

"There is a cloud hanging over us—over this house, Aileen; I cannot shake off the impression. My father has always been like a man oppressed in soul—brooding. Perhaps——" She stopped, and added, putting her arm round Aileen's neck, "But, whatever happens, Aileen dear, you are always my friend."

The words of the woman in the ragged brown mantle rang back in her ears—"She has weird hunting eyes made to express all depths of misery."

She shuddered, and, mastering herself, kissed Aileen, and ran down to the dining-room.

During luncheon Mr. Calderon said little. He had seen the remarks in the newspapers about Vivian Devereux; he had read the speech; it was certainly a magnificent effort of eloquence. He knew Vera was a good judge of such matters, and, when she praised it, he knew she spoke impartially. It did not escape her keen senses, however that there was a certain constraint in her father's manner in speaking of Vivian, and, when she mentioned that Devereux had spent an evening in Stratton street, there came a sudden flash into his eyes, a hard setting of his lips, which she understood well. Calderon's mouth revealed a disposition that could be ruthless, even cruel.

After luncheon he addressed her abruptly.

"Vera, come to my study. I want to speak to you; and there must be no interruption."

Vera followed quietly. Mr. Calderon entered the study, closed the door, and came up to where his daughter stood. She had paused by the mantelpiece, and, leaning against it, with her drooping hands lightly interlaced, waited for her father to speak.

He laid his hand on the back of a tall oak chair near him, and said, in a harsh stern tone—

"You have heard it said—not whispered, but said aloud—that Vivian Devereux is a profligate—have you not?"

Surprised as she was by this abrupt preamble, the girl did not lose her ready self-possession; she answered directly and coolly—

"I have heard that it is so said—on what authority I do not know, and therefore I pay no regard to it. In the village they say differently."

"Do they? Will they continue to do so? Very well; you pay no regard to rumors—perhaps you are wise. But I will give you just one damning fact, and, unless Chandos Devereux can explain away that fact—and I know not how he can—he will darken these doors no more, nor will you go to Chandos Royal while he is there. I cannot countenance a man who is guilty of such villainy as Vivian Devereux has committed. Farmer Tredegar's daughter has left this place. If you want to know where she is, perhaps Vivian Devereux—whom the villagers trust, forsooth—can tell you."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Kindness Wins.

BY W. B.

WELL, I'm glad it's no worse!" said Allie Dean, as she folded her mother's letter, and dropped it into her lap with a sigh of relief. "I'm sorry to spoil our visit here, but I suppose we must go."

"Go! Well," said her sister Effie, "I wish you had one bit of sense! I rather think we shall go! I would spoil any visit under the sun for a dip into Aunt Helen's pocket, and just thank my lucky stars for the chance."

"But, Effie, it looks selfish and designing and you know we don't care much about Aunt Helen. How can we, when we never saw her?"

"But we care about her money."

"I don't believe I do, very much. I know I would rather stay here and finish our visit than rush back just to let her see us and choose which one shall be her heiress. We've got enough to live on quietly, Effie; don't let us go."

Effie turned, and looked intently at her sister.

"I wonder if you are going crazy!" she exclaimed. "Let me tell you, Miss Allie, we are going, and that by the next train, too. We leave in just three hours."

Effie swept her cashmere flounces out of the room.

Effie and Allie were the daughters of a widow lady in comfortable circumstances, and they had an aunt who united her brother's fortune to her own, and had no one nearer than these two girls to whom to leave it.

She did not live near them, and never had cared for any intercourse, beyond a ceremonious letter once or twice a year, with her relatives.

Effie and Allie were away, spending a few weeks with a friend in the country. They were sent for, to return instantly, and the latter had just been received when our story began.

At twelve o'clock Effie and Allie stepped into the train. The two girls were then obliged to take the only vacant seat, which was directly in front of an old lady in plain waterproof suit, with a huge green veil over her bonnet.

They disposed of themselves and their belongings, and settled for the ride as comfortably as they could.

"Well," said Allie, "we are in for it now, Effie. I'm right ashamed of myself. It seems to me as if we were going to sell ourselves to the highest bidder. I've a great mind to go back. I'm sure you will be Aunt Helen's choice, and it's no use for me to hang around her."

"Who's going to hang around her, I wonder? But indeed I do half suppose you are right. She will be likely to choose me, for you never try to make anything of appearances, and I hope I do. Yes, I think she'll choose me."

"Well, I'm quite willing she should. You will take care of mamma, I suppose?" said Allie.

"Of course I shall have to do that. And you, too."

"Not me, thank you! I'll have enough from mamma to dress decently on, and I'll go for a teacher or something, but I won't be dependent on you, Effie."

Allie stopped and broke into one of her low, soft laughs.

"What are you laughing at now?" snapped the heiress prospective.

"I was thinking how funny it would be if, after all, Aunt Helen should choose someone else to leave her money to, and set us out in the cold."

Just then the little old lady sitting before them leaned forward as the train stopped, and said:

"My dear young ladies, I am very thirsty, and my old limbs are too shaky to walk across the platform. Might I ask one of you to fetch me a drink of water?"

Effie shrugged her pretty shoulders and turned towards the window, but Allie rose, saying pleasantly:

"With pleasure, madam."

She got out and procured some water.

"Thank you, my dear," said the old lady, gratefully. "I was sorry to trouble you, but I'm not very much used to traveling alone."

"I am quite willing to be of any service I can," was Allie's sweet reply, as she resumed her seat. "Are you going far?"

"To the city."

"So are we!" exclaimed Allie; "my sister and I. We will give you any assistance you require."

"Thank you, my dear," said the old lady.

When they left the train, Allie offered her arm to her new old friend, and when they were on the platform, she asked, pleasantly:

"Do you expect any one to meet you, madam?"

"I do not. I am going to visit an old friend, but she is not expecting me to-day. She lives, I think, in Maple street."

"Why, we live in Maple street!" exclaimed Allie. "We'll take care of you. Do you know the number?"

"No, I do not. My friend is a widow, her name is Dean—Mrs. Dean."

An exclamation of dismay escaped from Effie, while Allie cried eagerly:

"It is our mamma—our own dear mamma. We are Mrs. Henry Dean's daughters. We have been visiting, and are on our way home."

She went a step or two, to where Effie was sitting, and said to her in an earnest voice:

"This lady is an old friend of mamma's, who is going to visit her. Won't she be pleased!"

"I don't know," answered Effie in a low tone. "I am not, I'm sure, but I daresay she will, and think it's all right because you brought her. Mamma always thinks everything you do is just so! But I shall give Aunt Helen to understand that it's no doing of mine."

"But you'll treat her politely?" pleaded Allie.

"I suppose I shall, if she knows mamma," replied Effie.

Allie went back to the old lady, who had heard every word, but gave no sign of it to the girls.

It was hard work for Effie to keep from open rudeness, and only the fact that her mother might resent it, induced her to ride home in the same carriage with the plain stranger.

"What can't be cured must be endured," so she bore it as well as she could. But, once at home, she ran upstairs to her mother's room, to pour out her indignation, while Allie seated the old lady by the parlor fire.

"I can't imagine who it can be," declared Mrs. Dean, "but I'll go down and see. She needn't worry you, Effie—there's room for all."

"Has Aunt Helen come yet?" demanded Effie.

"No, she will be here to-morrow," answered Mrs. Dean, going down stairs, while, in no very good humor, Effie went to her own room and changed her traveling dress.

Just as she buttoned the last button Allie came flying up, cheeks aglow, and exclaimed:

"Who do you think it is?"

"Haven't the least idea."

"It's Aunt Helen herself!"

"Good Heavens!" cried Effie, dropping, pale and breathless, into a chair. "Oh, no, Allie!

"Yes, I tell you. She guessed who we were at first, but wouldn't let us know. Mamma says hurry and come down. Come quick now."

Allie ran off, and Effie finished her toilette with a sinking heart.

"Aunt Helen? Who on earth could have guessed it? It was a shame to impose on us so!"

It did not occur to Effie that if she had acted the lady, as Allie did, it would not have made any difference.

Go down she must, and at last did.

But Aunt Helen met her as if she had never seen her before. And not one allusion was made to the journey until it was time for Aunt Helen to make her choice and return home.

Then, when they were assembled in solemn family conclave, she walked up to Allie, laid her hand on the girl's shoulder, and said:

"Here is my heiress! Here is the girl with a true heart, just as ready to care for a plain old stranger in shabby clothes as for a rich aunt who could leave her a fortune. Effie shall have something, because she is Allie's sister; and her mother also; but you, my dear," addressing Allie, "shall go home with me and bring a little love into the life of a lonely old woman, and at her death have all she leaves. Will you go?"

Yes, Allie would go, and poor, selfish Effie was left to mourn that she, too, had not proved that kindness wins.

Great moments of life are but moments.

Hunted Down.

BY A. E. S.

THEN you cast me from you? You will not marry me?"

The white-faced man averted his proud eyes.

"I cannot," he said, with inherited pride, but half chokingly. "You know why, Maude. I need not explain again. I hope you will clear yourself of the frightful charge that hangs over your head. It is an awful thing to be accused of murder. Why, they are calling you a Borgia in the town."

She a Borgia! That fair young girl, whose hair was a silken sheen of gold, a murderess!

"Well, what do you say?"

"I want you to come out of the fire with clean hands, Maude. You do not think that I wish your condemnation, girl!"

"He who is not bravely for me is against me!" rung out the clear voice of Maude Holden, and the handsome man started back.

"Against you, Maude? I——"

"Yes, sir, you!" was the response. "Alfred Bersford, what have you sought, my hand or my uncle's money? This night we part for ever. My hands are washed of that old man's blood. Not on my soul rests the sin of his ruthless taking off. What I believe I will not tell; the years shall avenge my uncle's death. Good-bye, Alfred. Poor, proud man, Maude Holden pities you."

The pretty hand of the girl was held out to him, but he took it not. That hand, often kissed by him, was charged with murder; to touch it now would contaminate the Bersford name, and tarnish the honor of a proud family.

Refusing the dainty member, white and dimpled as a child's, Alfred Bersford turned away with her last words ringing in his ears, and with a "good bye," which should have been a "farewell," on his lips.

Maude Holden leaned against one of the porch pillars with a long drawn sigh, and watched him till his figure disappeared; nor did she move until she heard the hoofs of his horse on the bridge not far away.

She then sought the interior of the old mansion, over whose threshold the law had lately stepped, and arrested her in the name of justice for her uncle's murder.

Maude had been his *protegee* since early girlhood.

The rich man was found dead in his bed, and the odor of bitter almonds set many rumors afloat.

These increased when the coroner's jury determined that the old man had come to his death by poison, and, while it did not declare Maude guilty, it said that the deathly substance had been administered by some person connected with the household.

Maude was arrested, admitted to bail, and permitted to return to her home, there to await her trial.

There, as we have seen, the marriage engagement between her and Alfred Bersford was dissolved.

But the fair girl was not left friendless.

Maude had friends who believed in her innocence; among them Basil Euston, a young lawyer, who was to assist in her defence.

"The girl is innocent. She is the victim of some designing person. Let me prove this, and Heaven willing, the years and my love will bring my reward," he said.

To cut a long story short, Basil Euston, by a display of legal skill that electrified the bench, secured his fair client's triumphant acquittal.

Bersford did not attend the trial.

He passed the time between his last interview with Maude and her acquittal among relatives at the north, and did not return until the mysterious affair had ceased to be the topic of conversation.

"He's come back to me now. Maude Holden is not in my path," cried a queenly girl, whose eyes lit up with proud exultation, as the returned beau, as handsome as ever, lifted his hat to her in the street. "Stranger things than this have happened. I always hated you, doll-faced Maude; not for your gold, not for lands, but because you had won Alfred Bersford. But you are out of the way now—getting ready to pay Basil Euston's defence of you with your hand, while I am free to win the handsomest and proudest man."

Alicia Corday was as proud as she was beautiful.

Her father was rich, and his beautiful estate was not surpassed by another in the county.

Since her introduction to Alfred, but one ambition had ruled her heart—to become his wife.

And now her hopes seemed near their long wished-for fruition.

Maude, her rival, was out of the way, and Basil Euston, her lawyer, was likely to make her his wife.

One autumn day a wedding ceremony was performed, and Maude Holden gave her hand to the young man whose eloquence had saved her life.

The wedding was quiet; there was no bridal tour; and the young couple spent the honeymoon on the old estate.

Not long afterwards another wedding took place; but it was attended by festivities of all kinds, and hundreds of the *elite*.

Alfred Bersford and Alicia Corday were man and wife—"a proud couple and a handsome one."

Here, with the marriage of our characters, our story might not inappropriately end; but we must not lay down the pen till we write the story of a retribution, which the unwearying years brought to the guilty.

* * * * *

Through bad speculations Alfred Bersford found himself bankrupt.

Accompanied by his haughty wife, he fled north, and in one of the manufacturing towns, through family influence, secured a position in the detective force.

The years and close application to his new profession made him a marked man in the secret calling.

Alicia, fair as ever, and as haughty, spent her summers at the sea side, while her husband, like the sleuth-hound, hunted the evil doer, and mercilessly ran him to earth.

The pair forgot Maude and her husband, who lived happy in each other's love, and respected by all.

"I cannot be mistaken," Alfred muttered one day, as, in a disguise, he emerged from an hotel. "I have accidentally found a clue to James Holden's death. Why not follow it up and satisfy myself?"

The detective at once proceeded to investigate the mystery which a few years before had startled and puzzled the community.

He had the reputation of being a good hunter, and for weeks he remained, picking up clue after clue.

He felt that he was on the track of the prisoner.

"Oh Heaven, it cannot be!" he cried, one night, as he entered his room and shut the door behind him. "I must be on the wrong trail. I would give my right arm if I had not taken up this terrible case. Heaven pity the agony of my soul at this moment!"

The detective had struck the right trail; but whither was it leading him?

His blood ran cold when he thought of the goal.

He came up with tottering but cautious steps, and leaning against one of the pillars of the porch looked in upon the superbly-dressed woman who sat at the piano.

A fair little girl with golden hair—the very image of Alicia Bersford at her tenth year—stood beside her.

"I am at the end of my trail," said the haggard man at the pillar. "Here ends the hunt for James Holden's poisoner. But God pity the wretched woman! She did it all for me."

The next moment he held a revolver in one hand against his head, and an envelope in the other. The report that followed drove the beautiful woman from the piano, and the men who hastened to the scene found the suicide lying near the window.

"Some madman," answered a man as the white faced lady inquired into the commotion. "Some poor fellow has killed himself—that's all."

"But here's a letter in his hand; it is addressed to Alicia Bersford."

The lady listened to the man with astonishment on her face, and she staggered rather than walked into the parlor, with the crumpled letter in her hand.

"Pull down the curtain, Blanche," she said to the child.

Then she tore open the envelope, and with eyes that seemed about to burst from their sockets, read—

"My Guilty Wife:—Guided by retribution, I have discovered the poisoner of James Holden. My trail ends at your window. I know all—your visit to Holden's home, in disguise, how you hid in the library—everything. You did it all for me, guilty woman; tore me from Maude Holden, and now you bring me to the last round of remorse's ladder. Don't tell Blanch that her mother is a murderess. May God have mercy on your soul! Alfred Bersford."

The woman raised her head, and handed the letter to her child.

"Burn this, darling," she said, and the little one held it in the gas-jet until it fell in ashes from her hand.

As the act was finished, Alicia's head dropped upon the ivory keys of the piano, and the music that went forth drowned the groan that welled from her heart.

After awhile Blanche tried to rouse her mother; but her little hands could not.

Alicia Bersford, the woman tracked down by her detective husband, was dead.

One's Level.—During the slow process of finding one's level, there is not only mortification but bewilderment in the discovery that the highest gifts are by no means the most acceptable, at least not the most readily acceptable. No doubt unusual gifts excite immediate admiration, but that very admiration tends to keep its object at arm's length, for a while at any rate. And, if the superiority be at all real and extensive, it does necessarily prove, even in the long run, more or less isolating. An exceptionally gifted person will perhaps have many points of sympathy with a large number of other minds; but the people with whom such a one can be altogether at home will be very few.

The happy past is the happy present.

ARE ALL THE CHILDREN IN?

BY S. E. A.

The darkness falls, the wind is high,
Dense black clouds fill the western sky;
The storm will soon begin;
The thunders roar, the lightnings flash
I hear the great round rain drops dash—
Are all the children in?

They're coming softly to my side;
Their forms within my arms I hide—
No other arms are sure;
The storm may rage with fury wild,
With trusting faith each little child
With mother feels secure.

But future days are drawing near—
They'll go from this warm shelter here,
Out in the world's wild din;
The rain will fall, the cold winds blow,
I'll sit alone and long to know
Are all the children in?

Will they have shelter then secure,
Where hearts are waiting strong and sure,
And love is true when tried?
Or will they find a broken reed,
When strength of heart they so much need,
To help them brave the tide?

God knows it all; His will is best,
I'll shield them now, and yield the rest
In His most righteous hand;
Sometimes souls He loves are riven
By tempests wild, and thus are driven
Nearer the better land.

If he should call me home before
The children go, on that blessed shore,
Afar from care and sin;
I know that I shall watch and wait
Till He, the Keeper of the Gate,
Lets all the children in.

Susie's Gift.

BY W. H. K.

THE days were growing very dark for George Graham. His studious habits had resulted in an affection of the eyes that threatened to grow serious.

This was his last term at school, and if he passed his examination creditably, he was to have a place in Solomon Grant's store, with wages that would not only take care of himself, but greatly to help his mother.

His mother was a widow, and George's love for her was a sort of passion of devotion.

He was very fond of Susie Hale, but Susie was only a nice girl to him—a dear, sweet, good girl, such as any fellow would like; but his mother was the lady to whom were due his love, his care, his uttermost duty.

The plans he made in life were all for his mother's sake.

What if this growing dimness about him was to increase until all was dark? What if he must be no help to his mother, but only a burden on him for ever?

His scholarship had been so fine that his tutor hesitated to reprove his now continual failures; and George said nothing of the increasing darkness around him to his mother, for he felt that it would break her heart; nothing to teacher or schoolmates, for it seemed to him his grief would be nothing to them. But one afternoon the crisis came.

No one who was present that day—not even the smallest child—will ever forget the look of wild despair that swept over George Graham's face, or the gesture of helpless anguish with which he stretched out his hands, as if to seek among them all some friend, as he cried—

"God help me, I have been going blind, and now I cannot see one figure in my book!"

There was a silence after this, through which came no sound, but the audible beating of George Graham's tortured, despairing heart.

Then the master sent away the others, for school hours were nearly over, and tried his best to comfort his stricken pupil.

The words of the teacher entered his ears, but they did not reach his heart or kindle his hope.

As soon as he could he went away. He did not go straight home. How could he face his mother and tell her what he must tell her now?

He sat down on a bank a little removed from the road side, a bank which overhung a swift, deep, yet narrow stream.

An awful temptation came over him.

To be sure, to die would be to leave his mother to fight her battle of life alone; but also it would relieve her from the heavy burden he must needs be to her if he lived.

The river rushing down there below invited him with its murmur.

He bent forward over the stream. Then he drew back, for a longing came over him to go home first and see his mother just once more.

"See her! What am I talking about? Do I not know I shall never see her again?"

And a girl's voice, soft and tender, an unexpected voice, answered him—

"Yes, you will see her again. Surely you will see her again!"

The boy turned his face towards the sound.

"How did you come here, Susie Hale?" he asked.

"Don't be angry, George," the gentle voice entreated. "I waited for you. I could not go home till I had told you how sorry I was, and tried to comfort you. You must take heart and try to be cured. I have known people who could not see at all, to be helped, and why not you? At least you must try."

An evil mood was upon George Graham, and he answered, harshly—

"Where is the money to come from, if you please? It has been all mother could do just to live, and she has struggled on in the expectation of my being able soon to help her. She has no money for experiments. There is nothing for it but for me to rest a dead weight upon her hands, or—die."

"You believe in God, George Graham, and you will not defy him. If he means you to bear this you will bear it like a man, and not try to get rid of the burden. Just now, it seems to me, you ought to go home. Would you like your mother to hear this first from someone else?"

He rose slowly.

"You are right," he said, "and you are a good girl. Good-bye, Susie."

She did not try to go with him; she followed him only with her eyes.

His mother met him at the gate.

When she took his hands in hers the poor fellow felt that she knew all. She was very quiet and self controlled.

"Your tutor has been here," she said, "and he has told me. My darling, why have you sat in the darkness, and shut your mother out from any share in your trouble?"

"Oh, I couldn't tell you, mother," he sobbed. "I couldn't. I thought it would break your heart."

Meanwhile, Susie Hale had gone home full of an absorbing purpose.

Somehow money must and should be raised to try what a skilful oculist could do for George Graham.

Susie was the orphan niece of Solomon Grant.

She knew that she had a modest little fortune of her own, but it was all in her uncle's hands, and without his consent she could not dispose even of her slender income.

But would he not be persuaded to let her have enough of her own money to accomplish her desire?

She asked him, using her utmost power of persuasion to touch his heart, but he refused with peremptory decision.

Susie had in the world one treasure, a diamond ring, which had been her mother's, with a stone white and clear as a dewdrop.

This must, she knew, be worth hundreds.

It was her own.

She had meant to keep it all her life for her mother's sake, but surely this great need of George Graham's justified her in parting with it?

She had one friend in whose good faith and judicious management she felt implicit confidence, and to him she sent her mother's ring, with a request that he should sell it as speedily and on as good terms as possible, and remit her the price of it in bank notes, and keep for ever the secret that she had disposed of it.

It was a week after George Graham had given up hope, when a most unexpected hope came to him.

A neighbor, going by from the post office, handed in at the door a letter addressed to him. Mrs. Graham opened it.

"George," she cried, after a moment, in an eager, trembling voice, "here are one hundred dollars, and this is the letter that comes with them—

"'This money is from a true friend of George Graham's, and is to be applied to taking him to an oculist, in the hope that his sight may be restored. The giver withholds his name, both because he desires no thanks, and because he wishes to make the return of the money impossible.'

"It is from Heaven itself," the mother cried. "George, I feel in my soul that you are to be cured."

The next day a mother and her blind son sought rooms at a quiet little house in the city, and the day after that they were among the earliest patients of Doctor Annesly.

The first examination of George's eyes was unpromising enough, and the doctor wanted to see his daily.

There were weary days and weeks that followed, and it was curious that the mother was always hopeful, and the son always despairing.

At last it almost irritated him to hear her speak of hope to him; and one day he turned on her with the first burst of passionate impatience she had ever experienced from him.

"Mother," he said, "for the love of Heaven do not talk to me as if it was a sure thing that I am going to see again. I want to think it doubtful, almost impossible. If you should make me expect a sure cure, and then it shouldn't come, don't you see that I should go mad? I think I should dash my head against the wall. I can only live by expecting nothing."

After that the mother held her peace; but whenever she went out of that darkened room those who saw her marvelled at the light of joy in her eyes.

At last the time came; the bandage was removed, there was just one wild cry—

"Mother, I see you!" and then George lay at the doctor's feet, swooning in his great joy.

It was weeks yet before he went home again, but the good news preceded him.

The mother wrote it to Solomon Grant, who had agreed still to keep the place open while awaiting the result of this experiment.

Solomon read the letter in full family conclave.

He little knew how his niece longed to snatch the paper from his hand and read it for herself; nor did he heed the tears that swam in her dark eyes, tears of such deep, unselfish joy as only a loving woman knows.

Another letter came afterwards to tell when the widow and her son were to return.

It was Susie who walked over early in the afternoon, carrying with her a basket of dainties for the travelers' supper.

Susie's black eyes danced, and her heart sang within her as she set the table in the little parlor and lighted a fire in the kitchen stove, ready to make a fresh cup of tea whenever the widow and her son should arrive.

And at last the travelers came, as at last everything does come, if we wait long enough for it.

They had expected to find an empty house; they found instead warmth, and brightness, and good cheer, and Susie Hale.

Had George Graham grown through his trial into a man's perception of a girl's charms, or had his eyes been holden before, that he should not see?

I only know that that night, for the first time in his life, it dawned upon him that another woman might some day dispute with his mother the empire of his heart.

But it was not until five years afterwards, when Mr. Grant had taken him into partnership, and Mr. Grant's niece, Susie, had become his wife, that George Graham ever guessed from whose tender hands had come the gift by means of which he had been restored to hope and happiness.

DON'T BRIBE THE JUDGE.—A man's mind is a court, and his passions are all of them tricky lawyers. In ordinary times you cannot go into any court, and hear the statements of the counsel, without feeling that there is a great deal of ingenuity exerted to cover up some things and unduly magnify other things, so as to make out the best possible case for the side whose interest it is the desire of the special pleaders to advance. But there sits the old, stupid judge—stupid because he will be just; and he puts the lawyer right on this side, and puts the lawyer right on that side, and holds everything to the law and to the fact, that he may come at justice, at least in theory. Now every man has a judge within him—his conscience, and there are many men whose consciences have been bribed; and when they are presiding over the court which is constantly held in the heart, they are all the while excusing themselves for giving their adherence to things that are wrong. And this happens, not once, nor twice, nor thrice, but scores of times, in the experience of men; and they need to be reminded that, in every case, appeal is made to a court where righteous judgments are declared; they need to get such visions of the Judgment Day that they shall hold their breath that their consciences shall not dare to be bribed, and that they shall look at everything in the light of eternal justice. M. S.

FAMOUS SHOEMAKERS.—The patient and contemplative craft of shoemaking is rich in names which have become in greater or lesser degree household property, among which may be found Hans Sachs, the poet of Nuremberg and the friend of Martin Luther; Jacob Boemen, the well known German mystic, from whose works Sir Isaac Newton is believed to have derived some of his ideas on gravitation; the eccentric Lackington, who erected and owned the "Temple of Muses," an immense book store in Finsbury Square, London; Linnæus, the great Swedish botanist; George Winkelman, the great art critic and antiquary of whom Germany is justly proud; the poet Bloomfield, whose principal work is a poem entitled "The Farmer's Boy," which pleasantly depicts the scenes of his own early life, and displays great genius; Richard Savage, a whole constellation of minor bards; Sir Cloudesly Shovel, the redoubtable Admiral; Dr. Samuel Drew, the metaphysician; Thomas Halcroft, the able novelist, dramatist, and politician; George Fox, founder of the Society of Friends. On religious liberty slavery, the treatment of prisoners, capital punishment, etc., Fox's sentiments were far in advance of the age. He was born in 1624. William Gifford, translator of "Juvenal," and successively editor of the Anti-Jacobin and the Quarterly Review. He used, when an apprentice, to sit up half the night, working out algebraic problems on small pieces of leather; Sir William Reed, the radical Hardy, the astrologer Partridge, Simon Frye, John Pound, William Huntington, Hans Christian Andersen, Dr. Morrison, Dr. Carey, Dr. Ebenezer Henderson, Dr. John Kitto, and many others all belonging to the "gentle craft." Henry Wilson, the late Vice president of the United States, once occupied a shoemaker's bench in the town of Natick, Mass.

Professor Seeley holds that Macauley's History owes its origin to the Waverly Novels, and that Scott in founding the historical romance, founded also the romantic history.

Scientific and Useful.

ANTIDOTE FOR POISON.—If a person has swallowed any poison whatever, and fallen in convulsions, give as an instantaneous remedy a heaping spoonful of common salt and as much ground mustard, stirred in a cup of water, warm or cold, and swallowed instantly. It is immediately thrown up, and brings with it what remains in the stomach. And in case any portion of the poison remains, however small, let the white of an egg or a teaspoonful of strong coffee be swallowed as soon as the stomach is quiet, because these substances nullify many virulent poisons.

NEW SEWING MACHINE.—A Vienna mechanician has recently succeeded, after many fruitless trials, in constructing a sewing machine which does not require the person working at it to submit to the unpleasant and unhealty necessithy of constant bodily exertion—viz: setting the machine in motion with the foot. Since, for pecuniary reasons, the application of electricity, steam or water power was impossible, the inventor of the new machine was restricted to gravitation or elasticity, and he, preferring the latter forces, has contrived to make springs strong enough to keep an ordinary-sized machine in motion for hours.

GLUE FOR POLISHED STEEL.—The Turks glue diamonds and other jewels to their metal setting with the following mixture. Five or six bits of gum mastic, each of the size of a large pea, are dissolved in as much spirits of wine as will suffice to render it liquid. In another vessel as much isinglass as will make a two ounce phial of strong glue, previously softened in water, should be dissolved in brandy, adding two small bits of gum ammoniac, which must be rubbed until dissolved. These must be mixed by heat, and kept in a phial closely corked. When it is to be used, set the phial in boiling water. This cement perfectly resists moisture, and it is said to be able to unite effectively two surfaces of polished steel.

FIRE BY COMPRESSION OF AIR.—It is stated that the Burmans are acquainted with the mode of obtaining fire by the compression of air. They take a piece of tough wood three or four inches long, in which they bore a small cylinder of less length than the piece of wood. A piston having a small cylinder at the lower end is then fitted to the cylinder. To make the piston work air-tight in the cylinder, a little waxed thread is wound round the lower end. The upper end terminates, for convenience, in a knob. When fire is wanted, a piece of cotton wool or touchwood is placed in the hollow end of the piston, which is then inserted in the cylinder and driven home by a smart blow of the hand. On the piston being withdrawn, the wool or touchwood is found to be alight.

WOOD STAINS.—To turn oak black so as to cause it to resemble ebony, the wood should be immersed for forty-eight hours in a hot saturated solution of alum, and then brushed over several times with a logwood decoction, prepared as follows: Boil one part of best logwood with ten parts of water, filter through linen, and evaporate at a gentle heat until the volume is reduced one half. To every quart of this add from ten to fifteen drops of a saturated solution of indigo, completely neutral. After applying this dye to the wood, rub the latter with a saturated and filtered solution of verdigris in hot concentrated acetic acid, and repeat the operation until a black of the desired intensity is obtained. To imitate rosewood a concentrated solution of hypermanganate of potassa is spread on the surface of the wood, and allowed to act until the desired shade is obtained. Five minutes suffice ordinarily to give a deep color. A few trials will indicate the proportions.

Farm and Garden.

SLUGS IN GARDENS.—To clear a garden of slugs place small handfuls of fresh brewers' grains about the garden on a mild, damp evening, about six o'clock, and about nine go round with a bucket of fresh lime and dust each heap.

OATS FOR HORSES.—Oats are justly advocated as the grain above all others adapted to horses, and it is true that for young horses, and those used on the road, there is probably nothing equal to oats, but they ought to be crushed or bruised, and not ground. In fact, all grains are better fed in this way.

TO PRESERVE AUTUMN LEAVES.—Spread the fresh leaves and press them in a suitable dish, with alternate layers of fine sand, which is thoroughly dry, and as hot as the hand can bear. When the sand has cooled they may be removed, smoothed under a hot iron, dipped for a moment in clear French spirit varnish, and allowed to dry in the air.

UNHORNING CALVES.—The horns of cows seem to be neither ornamental nor useful. As a means of warfare they can only have consideration, but warfare and goring is precisely what we desire to keep away from the barnyard. English farmers, where herds are probably more precious and closer confined than in America, have introduced the practice of unhorning cattle by clipping the short projections in calves, when half an inch long, using simply a strong pair of shears. It is true it hurts the calves somewhat. There will be a little bleeding, but that will stop in an hour or two, and the calves will soon resume eating.

GATHERING FERNS.—Fern-gathering parties are now in order, and the ladies in many places are already taking short drives into the country, and to the water courses and to the wild spots along the hills, for the purpose of making cozy homes still more attractive during the fall and winter months. The chief obstacle to pressing ferns for indoor decoration is their disposition to curl up as soon as picked. It is best, therefore to carry into the rural districts a folio made of white porous paper, covered with stiff pasteboard. The ferns should be carefully placed between the leaves as gathered, and the stiff cover will hold them in their natural shape.

HOW TO SAVE CLOVER SEED.—The second crop is for the seed, and is really fit for no other purpose, as it salivates the stock fed on it; the best time to cut for seed is a very nice point to determine. It should be cut when a majority of the heads turn brown, and before any begin to shed off the little seed pods, each of which contains a seed. Cut the second crop of clover just as though it were for hay, rake it into windrows, and let it lie and take one or two showers; then put it into very small cocks while damp, about one good pitchforkful in a place, and when it is dry put into stacks and cap with something that will turn water; or, what is still better, if you have a shed or barn, put it there, and let it remain until you get a huller to take it out for you.

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SATURDAY EVENING, SEPT. 20, 1879.

OLD FRIENDS.

DON'T lose your old friends, but keep your intercourse green with little acts of kindness. Leave your business, or pleasure, or study long enough to step in and see that dear old man and woman who used to give you spring apples and lilacs when you went visiting with your mother. Run in and enliven a minute the neighbors who have known you ever since you were born, with whose children you have often played before their little golden heads were laid low in their last sleep. Call upon your once merry schoolmate, now an invalid. Old time friends are to be specially esteemed. And make many friends. Don't be too exclusive and fastidious. True, it is your privilege to be particular in choosing intimates, but there is a large number of people among those you know with whom you ought to be on so cordial terms as shall in time change into the most friendly relations, so that some you did not fancy at first may become your fastest friends, to the great benefit of both parties. You want many friends, because so many are removing residences and exchanging worlds, and you want plenty to enjoy till these changes come to you in turn. As long as your body lives, you want a living, healthy heart in it. And in your times of trial how precious is human love and sympathy!

EACH one of a thousand acts of love costs very little by itself, and yet, when viewed altogether, who can estimate their value? What is it that secures for one the name of a kind neighbor? Not the doing of half a dozen great favors in as many years, but the little everyday kindnesses, neither of which seems of much consequence, considered in itself, but their continued repetition sheds a sunlight over the whole neighborhood. It is so, too, in the family. The child whose good offices are always ready when they are wanted—to run upstairs or down—to get chips or rock the cradle, or to run an errand—and all with a cheerful look and a pleasant temper, has a reward along with such good deeds. If a little girl cannot take her grandfather on her lap, as he takes her on his, she can get his slippers, or put away his book, or gently comb his thin locks; and, whether she thinks of it or not, these little kindnesses that come from a loving heart are the sunbeams that lighten up a dark and woful world.

How sorry one would be for a man who, starting out upon a journey, had his pockets full of golden coin, which, one by one, had slipped through some unmended hole or rent, so that when he came to the end of his trip he had not one left, but lay down upon his bed a beggar! How strictly we would look to our own pockets after hearing the tale, and make very sure that what coin we had should be well spent, or hoarded carefully, and not scattered in the road-side dust! Yet we start upon our lives, each one of us, with a store of golden moments, of which we keep little account. Rapidly they slip away through the rents of sloth or ignorance. Many a one, rich in all the golden moments of seventy years, lies down at last scarcely able to remember how he has frittered and scattered them, knowing only that he has no more—that all are gone, and that he cannot say that he has purchased anything of use to himself or another with what might have bought so much.

SANCTUM CHAT

THE balloon scheme of the English Commander Cheyne for the discovery of the North Pole, makes good progress. He wants to raise $150,000, and is sanguine of doing so. The Commander is a hearty, active little man of about fifty years, with a determined eye, and he evidently has set his mind on this Arctic scheme.

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THE correspondent of a Swiss paper warns collectors of antiquities to beware of fabricated specimens of articles purporting to belong to the age of bronze, and to have been found among the remains of lake dwellings and in the beds of rivers. He says there is a regular manufactory of these things near the Lake of Bienne, and that bronze swords are being offered at twenty dollars each which are not worth as many cents.

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THE Chinese in California have organized branches of the Masonic order, and are turning the organization and its secret methods to considerable practical use. To counteract the influence of this fraternity, mutual protective societies are being formed by non-Masonic Chinamen, who assert that the Masonic order is antagonistic to the present Emperor of China. All of the rival associations that characterize Chinese life in California are noted for the bitter animosity existing between them, and these secret fraternities are not exceptions.

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SOME interesting trials with carrier pigeons have lately been made in Germany, in order to ascertain whether the pigeons, after being confined for some time at a point distant from their proper home, would still return to it when liberated. Accordingly 149 birds were carried from Aix-la-Chapelle to Metz, and liberated after a month's confinement. By the morning of the day following 134 had returned to their cots in Aix-la-Chapelle, the bird which arrived first having flown from Metz to Aix-la-Chapelle, 112 miles, in four hours and thirty-eight minutes.

—

A GOOD snake story comes from Madisonville, Ky., where it is related there was found in a hay stack a reptile about five feet long, resembling a water moccasin, with the exception of having two legs about three inches long within six inches of the tail. The feet resembled those of a squirrel. It would either crawl or rear upon its hind legs and jump along. It would show fight. Instead of coiling up and striking, as snakes generally do, it would stand upon its feet, balance itself by its tail, and jump at its enemy. The legs were covered with hair resembling that of a gray squirrel.

—

A CONGRESS for the improvement of the condition of the blind has been held in Berlin. Foremost among the questions was that of the printed or written character to be used by the blind, and the Congress decided that the system of writing and printing by combination of raised points, first introduced by Louis Braille in 1834, should be adopted in Germany without modification. Another important decision was that the practice of uniting the blind and deaf in the same institution was highly objectionable. The Congress also reported the fact that in the experience of German institutions rope-making is one of the best trades there practised by the blind.

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THE paragrapher of the London *Truth* informs the world of the following facts, which may be of interest to some Americans: "A great-grandson of Racine, I see, has just been helped to a title of Marquis by the Pope. For the benefit of my countrymen and others I may as well state here that any person who wants to obtain a similar distinction from the Vatican can purchase it on comparatively cheap terms. The list of prices is as follows: For a Duke's title, $2,400; Marquis, $1,600; Count, $1,250; Baron, $800. Such titles have currency in Continental society, are a sure ladder to the hand of an heiress, and, on the whole, seem to pay well. There are certainly worse investments in the market."

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AT the Cape of Good Hope, near Table Mountain, the clouds come down very low now and then without dropping in rain. At such a time, if a traveler should go under a tree for shelter from the threatening rain, he would find himself in a drenching shower; while out in the open space away from any tree or shrub, everything would be as dry as a bone. Here is the explanation: The cloud or mist is rather warmer than the leaves; and so when it touches them it changes into clinging drops, which look like dew. Fresh drops keep forming, they run together, and at length the water drops off the leaves like rain. And this process goes on until the clouds lift and the sun comes out again.

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THE crown jewels of France are to be sold for the benefit of the State. In a report presented by a legislative committee it is briefly declared that all the jewels, with the exception of a few which possess special historic claims to a place in the Museum, "will be disposed of as having become henceforth of no use." The report continues:—"These jewels cannot henceforth serve the uses for which they were collected by the monarchy at great expense. They involve the cost of taking care of them, and are exposed to risks of different kinds. It is desirable, moreover, that they should not appear to any one as stepping stones to a restoration." The Chamber may accordingly be expected to parody Cromwell's phrase, and to issue an edict to "take away those baubles."

—

SWARMS of caterpillars are reported in the French papers to have recently descended upon Bordeaux and covered the alleys of Bontaut in such multitudes as to form a species of curtain across them to a certain height. The insects, from one to two centimetres in length, appeared to be enveloped in a sort of spider web, from which it was most difficult, not to say, impossible, to get free when once entangled in it. One courageous woman who resolved to traverse the living hedge, was literally covered with the small pests, and would never have succeeded in disengaging herself from the mingled mass of web and caterpillars had not assistance been given by others. At least a dozen trees in the alleys have been stripped of their leaves, and there is strong reason to fear that if the insect plague extends the scene of its ravages all the gardens in the neighborhood will suffer enormously.

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IN the schedule of the personal effects of the ex-Khedive of Egypt, the following is set down:—1. A dinner service, in solid gold, that cost $2 000 000; 2. A dinner service, No. 1, in solid silver, elaborately worked, $300 000; 3. Dinner service No. 2 in solid silver, chased, $300,000; 4. Dinner service, No. 3 in solid silver, $160,000; 5. The Vice Regal dinner service, in solid silver, chisselled, $380 000; 6. Dinner service, in solid silver, $260 000; 7. Dinner service, in chased silver, $280 000; 8. Dinner service, in Saxe, with solid silver, $180,000; 9. Dinner service, in green, with solid silver, $140 000; 10. German dinner service, with solid silver, $220 000; 11. Dinner service, with red crest and solid silver, $180 000; 12. Green dinner service, with solid silver, $90 000; 13. Dinner service, "Auguste," with solid silver, $110,000; 14. Dinner service, "Daoud-Agha," with solid silver, $95,000; 15. A service for 100 people at least, for balls and *fetes*, in *ruolz*, carved; 16. A breakfast service, in rose crystal; 17. A breakfast service, in pink porcelain.

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THE "Sun Signals," such as were flashed between Lord Chelmsford's army in Zululand and Major Pearson's advanced position at Ekowe, have been referred to, but a popular lecturer at the London Polytechnic gives additional illustrations of interest. The fundamental principle of the language flashed is the Morse telegraphic alphabet, or a special series of numerals composed of long and short signs, which are read off by specially constructed dictionaries of sentences. Thus one, two, three, four, five short flashes mean respectively 1, 2, 3, 4, 5; one long-sustained light represents 6, one long one short 7, one short one long 8, two short one long 9, and one long two short 10. A pause is made between each figure, and the signal is repeated by the sender until it is repeated by the receiver. The sun flashes are made by a specially-prepared instrument called a heliograph. When the days are dull and the sun not available, other means are resorted to, one of the most effective being a large erection on the principle of the Venetian blind. When the laths are open the structure at a few miles' distance is invisible; but when closed the form of a large dark tower is presented to the distant observer, which appears and disappears at short or long intervals, and gives thus the like telegraphic language. The magnesium lamp, the electric light, the fog-horn and steam whistles are all similarly employed upon the same basis.

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A GOOD deal of sympathy has been expressed for the Queen of Spain on the occasion of the death of Princess Pilar. It will be remembered that this is the young Princess whose hand Empress Eugenie vainly tried to obtain for the Prince Imperial. It is now generally understood that her death was caused by the driving in of an eruption wherewith her face was covered, and which proceeded from a cutaneous disease inherited from her mother, who, like most of the Bourbons, is a great sufferer from scrofula, and has bequeathed the dismal inheritance to her children. It was to combat this disfiguring malady that the Princess went to the springs of Escoriaza, where she was following a regular course of treatment under the care of the Marquis de San Gregorio, former Court physician to Queen Isabella. The Infanta and her two younger sisters, Princesses Paz and Eulalia, passed their time in promenades among the mountains and in taking baths of the powerful mineral waters of the locality. The eruption had entirely disappeared from the features of Princess Pilar, and she was supposed to be in perfect health. But the malady thus driven from the outposts attacked the inner stronghold of the brain and proved fatal in a few hours. Thus untimely ended the existence of one who might one day have become Empress of Austria, since her union with the Crown Prince Rudolph had been, it is now said, well nigh definitely agreed upon. This makes the fourth death in the royal family of Spain in a little more than a year. Beginning with the gentle young Queen Mercedes, next came Queen Isabella's mother, Queen Christina; then Princess Christine de Montpensier, and now this poor child who was barely eighteen years of age.

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EXCELLENT medical authority asserts that the constant strain of business, added to the dryness of our climate, has so changed the constitution that it is impossible for us to do what our fathers did before us safely. "We are," says Dr. Beard, "ten degrees more sensitive to cold than they were," as the cases of sunstroke and heat prostration bear evidence. There is an immense increase in neuralgia, sick headache, hay fever, nervous exhaustion, and especially in dyspepsia, in itself the potent source of a host of physical and mental irritants and distresses. Now, with such systems as we have, high strung, nervous and irritable, the use of stimulants cannot be otherwise than injurious. It is impossible to use them as they were used in the days gone by. There is hardly a man of middle age who does not remember that hospitality and a sideboard of wines and liquors were synonymous terms. Both men and women drank freely, and professional men and the clergy indulged in the same habit. It would be folly to say that what is a vice now was a virtue then, but it can be safely asserted that people did indulge then without the same injurious effects that follow the practice now. The predominant nervousness of the present time had not been developed. Our ancestors could drink freely, smoke extravagantly, indulge to excess in tea and coffee, and yet live to a serene old age: now it is simply impossible. True, the traffic in ardent spirits has enormously increased, but so has the population. True, people yet drink to excess, but they do not do it with impunity. Circumstances have altered cases, and two-thirds of the present terrible effects flowing from intemperance are due to the changed physiological condition of the human race, and especially in this country, where people are strung up to a tension that will no more allow a free use of strong drinks than a barn filled with straw will permit the introduction of fire.

SO IS THE STORY TOLD.

BY B. M.

A fair head meekly bowed,
A shy glance coming after,
Voices not over loud,
And a low sweet laughter;
So is the story told
Up in the cottage old,
Under the smoky rafter.

A fair maid flushing red
With an unknown feeling,
But shamed to bow her head
For all her lover's kneeling;
So is the story told
Down 'mid the white and gold,
Under the painted ceiling.

His Fate and Hers.

BY H. C.

"OH! you uncouple the end car for Statminster, do you, conductor? All right; look sharp! I don't want to be left behind, you know!"

"Here you are, sir!"

And the officer flung wide the door.

The personage who did not wish to be left behind was a good looking, well dressed young fellow, with a fair complexion, but dark hair, and almost a black moustache.

Throwing himself into a seat, he muttered, in a tone of half satisfaction, half resignation, and evidently unconscious that he expressed himself aloud, "Humh! we're off, and I'm in for it? Can't turn now!"

The words caused the other occupant of the seat, also a fine looking well-dressed young fellow, to lower his magazine, and observe the speaker. At the moment the latter was slightly leaning forward, in order to read the directions on the black leather bag of his traveling companion.

"Egad! he's cool!" reflected the owner of the article.

The other, looking up, pleasantly exclaimed:

"Excuse me, sir; but we seem both bound for the same place—Statminster Hall!"

"That is my destination, sir."

"Ah! you, possibly, as a familiar guest; I as a stranger, with a letter of introduction. But I suppose I shall receive some kind of welcome."

"Undoubtedly," smiled the other; despite himself. "The 'kind' will, I suppose, depend upon who is the writer of the letter."

"Why, an old school chum of mine—Frank Leslie."

"Frank Leslie!" ejaculated the other. "If you are Frank's friend, pray let me reckon you mine." And the speaker extended his hand. "Frank and I were at school together. I loved Frank as a brother, my dear sir! I can promise you the warmest welcome at the Hall! Frank is expected there himself shortly."

"So he told me. But he is detained abroad, and can't reach home under a month; so, as I had to come in this direction, he offered me a letter of introduction to Squire Meryton, though I don't much like the style of making acquaintance. It seems like forcing yourself on people who don't want you."

"You will find nothing of that kind here, I promise you. Frank's name alone will be enough to obtain for you a warm greeting; and it's a charming family!"

"So said Frank, from long remembrance. There are two beautiful daughters, eh? Of course, he speaks—ha, ha!—most rapturously of one—the eldest."

"She is not as handsome, in my opinion, as the younger," retorted the other gentleman, quickly, "but that is a matter of opinion. I see by that 'of course' Frank has told you how matters stand."

"You mean his engagement to Miss Meryton? Oh, yes; that to carry out the wish of their parents they had been betrothed while mere children, which by writing they themselves have since confirmed."

"Exactly."

"And Miss Evelyne——"

"Is also engaged," exclaimed the other, quickly, eyeing, not quite pleasurably, his companion's handsome appearance.

"I guessed that"—with a merry laugh. "That decided assertion that the younger was handsomer than the elder revealed your secret. Let me congratulate you, then; exchanging cards, shake hands on a long and lasting friendship."

"With all my heart!"

The cards recorded Mr. Harry Hasseldyne and Mr. Charles Morton.

Such an introduction was calculated to remove all restraint, and the hour's journey passed like half the time, when the car being uncoupled, stopped at the small Statminster Station. The young men, springing out on to the platform, passed through the gate into the road.

"Here it is, waiting for us," exclaimed Charles Morton, indicating a carriage, with a well-appointed groom standing at the horse's head.

"For you, you mean," smiled Harry Hasseldyne.

"And you, too, as Frank's friend. Won't Cecile be glad! Can you drive?"

"I should think I could."

"Then take the ribbons while I light a cigar."

They climbed into their seats, and off they clattered down the shady country road, the groom behind.

"How much further is it?" asked Hasseldyne.

"Not a mile. Hullo! what's that?" ejaculated Charlie Morton.

"A lady in distress, calling for help," answered Hasseldyne, pulling the horse nearly on its haunches.

"Ah! it's Evelyne's voice," cried Charlie, who in a second tumbled from his seat.

In another second, Hasseldyne had flung the reins to the groom, tumbled from his seat too, and torn after his new made friend. The cries came from a small lane diverging from the road; and, on wheeling round the corner, the young man beheld two handsome, well-dressed girls kneeling before a niche in the hedge, wringing their hands, and filling the air with their cries.

As they came nearer, the gentlemen perceived that the niche was a country well, over which the darkest girl was perilously leaning.

Hasseldyne was the fleetest of foot, and was the first to spring forward. Catching the girl's arm, he cried without ceremony, "Great Heaven, don't do that!" Then as she, surprised, lifted her dark eyes to his, coloring scarlet, he exclaimed, "I beg your pardon; but—you did not seem to know your danger. Pray, what is the matter? Can we help you?"

"Oh, I fear not!" answered Cecile Meryton, trying to be calm, though her lips trembled. "I fear he will be exhausted, and sink before anyone can aid."

"He—who?" cried Morton.

"Oh, Charlie, Charlie!" ejaculated Evelyne. "It's Cecy's Blenheim, Frisk! He was jumping and dashing about after a dead leaf which blew into the well, and, when Frisk looked to see where it had gone, he lost his footing. Oh, Charley, his poor eyes seem starting out of his head with terror; it's awful!"

Cecile did not speak, but stood, her lips pale and compressed. The young men looked in.

"The stupid little cur!" said Charlie. "Why, he's four feet or more down! Where is the bucket?"

"There isn't one."

"Then we'll send Tom to the Hall for one."

"He'll die before he comes back. I mean Frisk, not Tom."

Harry Hasseldyne had said nothing, but had glanced at Cecile's beautiful, pitying face, then at the well. Then he threw off his coat.

"What are you going to do, Hasseldyne?" asked Charlie.

"To fetch the dog up."

"Oh, no, sir," broke in Cecile; "I cannot permit you to risk——"

"Oh, but there's no risk, madam," smiled Harry. "See, if there isn't a bucket, there's a rope, and a new one. There! I twist it round my waist, then my arm—thus. When I have him, you can help to wind me up."

In a second he had grasped the rope with both hands, and lowered himself into the well.

Tremblingly the girls watched. They saw him seize the silky coat of the dog, and heard him call, "He is all right, Miss Meryton. Wind away, Morton!"

They did, for the girls would help with their small white hands; and soon, not wet quite to the knees, Harry Hasseldyne had restored her favorite to Cecile.

"Sir," she said, with a warm, graceful glance, "I shall never forget this. Do not think me foolishly sentimental about Frisk; but it was so awful a death, and he seemed so conscious of it."

"No, no!" cried Evelyne, coming forward. "We'll never forget it; for think, Cecy, this gentleman, Mr. Hasseldyne, is Frank's warmest friend, and brings an introduction from Frank to papa."

Just a slight color rose to Cecile's cheek; then she said, frankly extending her hand, "Mr Hasseldyne has, by a noble and kind action, introduced himself better than by any letter, though it come from Frank himself."

Harry took the small fingers, and could not help giving a gentle pressure. He felt that a new era had opened in his life—that Cecile Meryton was his fate, as he was hers.

Tom, the groom, was sent to run Frisk home, and the four, so strangely introduced, mounted into the carriage. Harry, after laughingly stamping the water out of his boots, got up by the side of Cecile, Charlie and Evelyne preferring the back, and, under her directions drove to the Hall.

It was one of those large, roomy, handsome old fashionable edifices, which seemed to be a welcome in itself, and Harry Hasseldyne soon found himself at home.

Squire Meryton shook his hand heartily, declaring he regarded him as an honored guest for Frank's sake. Everywhere he was greeted for Frank's sake.

"Confound it all!" reflected Harry. "Am I such a nonentity that they can't welcome me for my own?"

His eyes turned, perhaps, unconsciously to Cecile. He remembered that grateful glance she had given him, and the pleasant ride home. Somehow, perhaps, though it was vanity, he thought neither of those had been for "Frank's sake."

"So," remarked the Squire at luncheon, "you left the Leslies abroad, Mr. Hasseldyne? Is the boy—I mean Frank—much altered?"

"Well, yes, sir, he has changed even since I had the pleasure of his acquaintance. He is older, taller, and more manly."

"Ah! he promised to be rather a fine, handsome fellow."

"Some people do not keep their promises," laughed Harry.

"Oh, you don't mean he isn't handsome, surely?" ejaculated Evelyne. "The photograph we have of him taken before he went is very handsome."

"You possibly refer to the style in which it is taken?"

"I think that it is as unfair to ask a gentleman his opinion of the physical qualities of another," broke in Charlie, laughing, "as to expect a truthful answer from a lady regarding one of her own sex."

"You are right there," said Harry, with just a quick glance at Cecile. "As men can as equally admire and love, so are they naturally equally jealous."

"But he is handsome," persisted Evelyne.

"Certainly, he is considered so."

"And that traveling has not darkened his hair. It used to be so beautiful a rich gold."

"On that point I can answer with confidence; it is as red as ever."

"Red!" shrieked Evelyne. "Oh, Mr Hasseldyne, you are jealous! No hair I have ever seen—no, not even yours, Charlie—is so pretty as his. You do not like light hair."

"I confess I prefer dark, especially on the head of a lady."

Cecile had smiled during the conversation, but had taken no part in it. Now her sister said, "Haven't you, Cecy, a word to say about Frank's hair?"

"It is very nice and silky. But, my dear Eve, we should no more judge a man by his hair than his coat. Supposing now, out of pity to Frank's ear, we drop the subject. He will be here in a month for us to judge for ourselves if he be changed. Let us think how we are to amuse our guests."

"The topic 'Frank' is evidently not so delightful to her as to the rest," repeated Harry. "Begins, no doubt, to feel the weight of a long betrothal. P'r'aps finds she loves somebody else, only honor, her promise—Fudge! what are honor and words, when the happiness of a whole life is at stake? Poor girl!"

Croquet was proposed and agreed to unanimously. It is the best game going for a flirtation especially when one, as did Harry, declares he knows nothing about it, and has to be taught by a partner.

After awhile, however, the mallets were discarded. Evelyne and Charlie somehow wandered off, to enjoy their own sweet company undisturbed, and Harry was alone with Cecile. He did not appear to regret it, neither did she.

"Engaged people are awfully selfish," she laughed. "It devolves upon me to do my best to prevent you being bored the first day you are at the Hall."

"The stars must fall from heaven before that could be the case, Miss Meryton," he replied, gravely. "My fear is I shall annoy you. If so, pray leave me to my own devices."

"When that moment arrives, Mr. Hasseldyne," she smiled, "I will inform you. Now, if you like, I'll show you the grounds."

He consented; but a wilderness would have been quite as fascinating to him had he traversed it by Cecile Meryton's side. Still, aware that she was not overcharmed with the topic, why did he persist in talking of nothing but Frank Leslie? If Cecile sought to divert the channel, which unmistakably she did, he always brought it back.

"What great friends you are!" she remarked once. "How you must like Frank!"

"I do! In all the world, I like only two persons better."

When, after a delightful evening, Harry Hasseldyne found himself alone in his own room, sitting down, his finger tips in his trouser pockets, his legs stretched out, his shoulders raised, he muttered, "Well, my first day at Meryton Hall has led to two discoveries. That I love Cecile Meryton with all my heart—what a splendid girl she is!—and that she is tired of that betrothal. Bother the betrothal! Such absurdities shouldn't be allowed. The question is, has she given her heart to someone else?" That self interrogation apparently by no means pleased Harry Hasseldyne. His face clouded, and had not cleared when he finally sought his pillow.

"Before a fortnight's over, I'll find out," he resolved, as he fell asleep.

Harry Hasseldyne soon proved a general favorite at the Hall. He was a decided acquisition, especially to Cecile, who had found herself often left to her own society during Charlie's previous visits. There were many who would like to share it with her, but this her engagement to Frank prevented. She was a pure, sensible girl, and could not find distraction in flirting, but, if the truth must be confessed, that youthful betrothal, contracted nearly five years ago, when she was not much more than sixteen, had lost all its romance, and grown, instead, rather wearisome.

Harry Hasseldyne, aware of all the points, had soon discovered this; and, before a week was out, discovered more—that Cecile regarded his own unworthy self with anything but disfavor, and daily fretted more against those ties that bound her.

Like a crafty Machiavel, he proved this by cunning tests. When the young girl would be talking with him daily, he would contrive to bring up Frank's name, with a reference to his speedy appearance; when instead of a pleased would come sometimes a sad, at others an annoyed expression.

One morning he joined the breakfast table with the full resolve to know his fate before sunset; or, at least, to learn if Cecile, out of honor or otherwise, would hold to her betrothal.

The previous evening it had been arranged for the four to drive over to Bretcham Woods, and lunch under the beeches. This offered an opportunity Harry determined not to miss, for he was sure Charlie Morton would go wandering off into the wood's sheeny depths with Evelyne.

His expectations were realized.

Luncheon over, as they strolled through the shady paths, he soon saw Charlie and his company drop behind, and, as if unconsciously, take another turning.

"As you said, Miss Meryton," laughed Harry, drawing Cecile's attention to the proceeding, "engaged people are indeed awfully selfish!" Then, seemingly catching himself up, he added, in a changed tone, inclining his head, "I sincerely beg your pardon!"

"For what?" she smiled, not detecting his meaning.

"My rudeness of thus speaking of engaged people to you. I forget your engagement to my friend."

All mirth fled from Cecile's countenance. It was annoyance this time which usurped its place.

Half turning her head, and plucking a spray of honeysuckle, she said, almost coldly, "You appear resolved that I shall not forget it, at least, Mr. Hasseldyne. One might almost imagine Mr. Leslie had sent you here to keep it in my remembrance."

Mr. Leslie! Harry's heart beat.

Leaning nearer her, he exclaimed, in accents more telling than words, "Do you ever forget it, Miss Meryton? Would to Heaven I could! Would to Heaven for my happiness I had never visited Meryton Hall!"

"Mr. Hasseldyne!"

She turned towards him, her cheeks flushed, her eyes seeking to express indignation, but they fell before his.

"You are right to reprove me, Miss Meryton! I deserve it!" he responded, contritely, "But when a man sees all his happiness at stake, how can he keep silent? Worse, when he sees another's happiness in danger—another whom he loves dearer than his own existence—how can he forbear to speak?"

"Mr. Hasseldyne," exclaimed Cecile, much agitated, "I do not understand you—I will not!"

"Ah, Miss Meryton, you cannot help it, for your heart compels you to understand me!" he cried, casting himself at her feet, and seizing her hand. "I love you! You are dearer to me than all the world!"

"Rise, Mr. Hasseldyne, I implore—I command you! Is this generous—is it honorable to your friend?"

"Honor! What care I for honor, or friend, when your happiness is concerned? Miss Meryton, I love you; but, unfortunately, that does not necessitate that you should love me. Would it did! Yet you no longer care for Frank! This marriage is distasteful; this betrothal a matter that should never have been! Dear Miss Meryton, I ask you to break it, though not for my sake, at least for that one whom some day you may really love as I love—as I worship you now, for your own future!"

"No, no, Mr. Hasseldyne; this may not be!" stammered Cecile, covering her sweet face.

"Tell me at least one thing, Miss Meryton. You no longer love Frank as once you believed?"

"How can I deny that of which you are well aware?" she answered, looking entreatingly up at him. "What I have hid from others, I have been unable to conceal from you. But Mr. Hasseldyne, if you really have any regard for me or for Frank, pray keep my secret!"

"I have a sincere regard for both, Miss Meryton," said Harry, clasping the soft fingers and holding them in his own. "I love Frank very much; and ask you not to do him this wrong you contemplate!"

"Wrong, Mr. Hasseldyne?"

"Yes; the most cruel woman can perform, Miss Meryton—wedding him without love! If your heart be dead for any af-

fection for another, then it might not matter; but,"—he was standing now, and leaning over her, as, trembling with emotion, she averted her features from him as far as he, holding her hands, would allow—he continued, with passionate fervor, "if your heart has ever dwelt upon another with a kinder thought; if you have ever contemplated the idea of being happy with another—if Frank had not been in the way—I say do not, Miss Meryton, commit this cruelty to the poor fellow!"

She was silent a space, then said, faintly, "Do you imagine, Mr. Hasseldyne, that Frank would reason thus?"

"Yes; trust me, I know him well. Only be just to him! If your sentiments have changed, Miss Meryton confess to him your heart could not go with your hand, and you will find him no severe judge. He will hold you more honorable, more careful of his happiness than if you wedded him without love. Miss Meryton, what would be your opinion of the woman who should do that?"

She was silent, her head averted. Then almost with a passionate cry, "Oh, Mr. Hasseldyne, if Frank were only what you say—if I only dared believe it!"

"Do so, Miss Meryton, are your affections given elsewhere? May I—have I permission to ask?"

Again a pause; then, faintly, "If Mr. Hasseldyne should learn his rival was his best friend, the one in in whom he had trusted?"

"He would be wise enough to know that love is despotic; it cannot be controlled. Oh, Miss Meryton—Cecile, may I, dare I hope?"

He made an attempt to draw her nearer to him; but at that moment Evelyne's merry laugh was heard approaching. Cecile broke away.

"Mr. Hasseldyne," she said, in hurried entreaty, "respect my secret."

"Trust me; only, Cecile," he whispered, "I must have your answer before Frank comes."

Had he not already obtained it? Did he not know that he had conquered, and that she loved him?

* * * * *

"Eve," said Charlie Morton, three days later, to his betrothed, whom he had beckoned from the morning room, "I don't like the way matters are going."

"What do you mean, Charlie? Why, how grave you look! What has happened?"

"This. That Hasseldyne has acted like a rogue and a vagabond."

"In that case, papa being a magistrate——"

"Don't be absurd, Eve!"

"Then it isn't the forks and spoons he has stolen?"

"No; but your sister's heart."

"What?" cried Evelyne, now indeed startled. "Cecile?"

"Yes, I've remarked for some days that there was something between them, so have been on the watch, holding poor old Frank's honor at stake, and now I'm certain of it."

"How?" queried Evelyne, quite agitated.

"Why, as I entered the breakfast room an hour ago they were together, and I'll swear I saw his arm round Cecile's waist."

"Oh, Charlie! And—and to think that Frank will be here in a few days! Oh, what will he do?"

"What are we to do? This fellow Hasseldyne has acted like a villain, and should be kicked out of the house."

"And he doesn't look a bit like a villain."

"Well, I shall get the Squire's opinion on that point. I shall go and inform him of my suspicions."

"Oh, no, no!" cried Evelyne, catching his arm. "Recollect poor Cecile. If Mr. Hasseldyne has won her affections, it isn't her fault. And imagine papa's anger! It will be terrible. Charlie, I'll never forgive you if you create such a disturbance, unless you make quite—quite sure."

"Just as you please; but I will make sure, for recollect old Frank was my friend, too."

"And so will I make sure," she repeated, as, thoughtfully she returned to the morning room.

She felt for Cecile, had often decided that she shouldn't like to be in her position. And now, if Cecy really loved Harry Hasseldyne, she, in her opinion, wished she could marry him.

But did Cecile?

Evelyne found it impossible, recalling many little circumstances, to answer in the negative. One incident now looked suspicious. Each morning Harry Hasseldyne, when going with Charlie to smoke his cigar in the conservatory, had always come out last, while, soon after, Cecile had always gone in for a rose or to make a bouquet. Was any correspondence going on? You see, Evelyne knew love's secrets.

As, these reflections passing through her brain, she entered the apartment, she caught sight of Cecile disappearing into the conservatory. In a white hand rest on a reversed flower pot. Hearing the other's step, however, she quickly let it go and partly turned away.

But Evelyne overtook her before she could move. Slipping one arm round her sister's waist, she raised the flower pot. There, hidden beneath, was a letter.

"I knew it," she ejaculated, at the first moment forgetful of all but fun. Then, however, she added, "Oh, Cecy, it's all true, then—you love Harry Hasseldyne?"

Cecile's beautiful face was very calm as she answered, "Yes, dear Eve, I do love him. For the first time, I know what that passion really is; but I shall never marry him if Frank should wish me, when he knows all, to keep my engagement. Harry says he will not——"

"Harry says!" gasped Evelyn.

"Yes, listen!" and drawing her towards the couch, Cecile recounted what had happened.

Meanwhile, Charlie, who had constituted himself Frank's champion, had hastened to Harry's room. Knocking, he was bidden to enter.

"Hullo!" said Hasseldyne, "what's the matter, Charlie?"

"I want a few words in private with you, Mr. Hasseldyne, if you will allow me."

"'Mr. Hasseldyne!'" repeated Harry. "Why what is up?"

"You should know as well as I! You are not a man utterly devoid of conscience, though I fear——" Charlie hesitated—"I fear your sense of honor——"

"What, pray, Mr. Morton, have you got to say about my honor?" interrupted Harry, quietly. "It is the first time I have heard it called in question!"

"Probably it is the first time there has been any occasion!" was the stiff rejoinder. "I hope so."

"Thank you. You are very kind. May I ask the present 'occasion' in which I have acted dishonorably?"

"As it was my purpose to tell you, you may. Mr. Frank Leslie is a friend I honor and esteem."

"Scarcely more than I do, Mr. Morton," replied Harry, lying back easily in his chair.

"You!" cried Charlie, with angry scorn. "Mr. Hasseldyne, is it in your idea an honorable deed to accept a letter of introduction from a friend to the family of his betrothed, then to win that betrothed's affections?"

Harry went a little red, then turned white.

"Oh, that is what you are driving at?" he remarked.

"Yes, sir; it is it! Do you deny you have won Miss Meryton's affections, have proposed to her, and sought to make her break her engagement to your friend, Frank Leslie?"

"Mr. Morton, I will not add falsehood to my other crimes. Your statement is perfectly correct."

"You own it? Mr. Hasseldyne, you are a scoundrel—a villain!"

"Pardon me, but don't you think you had better leave those changes for Mr. Leslie to make?"

"No, sir; as his friend—as one soon to be a member of this family, I make them!" cried Charlie, quivering with passion. "I hold Frank Leslie among my best friends, and will not see him wronged. You are a villian, Mr. Hasseldyne, and as such I'll post you in society!"

"Pray, my good fellow, be patient; don't get into a passion. I am certain Leslie reciprocates your esteem, as he ought. I thank you in his name."

This seemed too much for Charlie. He darted at the other, but quickly his arm was caught by a hand like a vice.

"No, Charles Morton; not a blow. Words can be forgiven; and—well, you are the last man in the world I would quarrel with, for—yes, I honor the part you have taken in this matter. But wait until Frank appears before we have further words. There!"

He released him. Charlie strode to the door.

"No, Mr. Hasseldyne, I shall not take it so easily!" he exclaimed, as he swung out. "I know what it is," he muttered, descending the stairs. "It's a dishonorable act altogether. He knows Frank likes someone else, and this is to free him."

Five minutes later, Charlie was closeted with the Squire, telling his story. Mr. Meryton was dumfounded.

Both had been too absorbed to notice that a carriage had driven up. But the Squire had only time to shout out the words, "By George, the fellow shall never have her!" when a footman opening the door, and announcing "Mr. Leslie," a handsome, elderly person entered, with a brusque, *bonhomie* manner.

"Ah, Meryton!" he cried, advancing with extended hand. "How are you? Here I am! Horrid to be detained. Sent you my boy, though. Fine fellow, eh? What do you think of him? Improved, eh?"

"My dear Leslie, I am delighted to see you, and you could not come at a more opportune time;" said the Squire. "As to Frank, though, he hasn't put in an appearance yet."

"Not yet?" shouted the visitor. "Why, man alive, he left us three weeks ago!"

"And three weeks ago," interrupted the Squire, "a gentleman arrived here with this letter of introduction from him, saying Frank was detained with you at Marseilles."

"What! you don't mean to say he sent that harum scarum, black-poiled Harry Hasseldyne here instead of himself! Confound him, I see it all! The truth is! lately Frank has had some scruples about this betrothal to Cecile. He said it seemed like forcing himself upon a girl who might not like him. He fought shy about coming."

"Perhaps he liked someone else himself?"

"No, no; not that, Meryton. He always spoke highly of Cecile."

"Then, at least, he might have kept this Mr. Hasseldyne away, who, I just learn, has most dishonorably won Cecile's affections."

"What?" and Mr. Leslie sprang from his seat. "She marry Harry? She can't! By Heaven, sir, she she'n't! If Hasseldyne's done this, I'll have him out. But I can't believe it!"

"Then judge for yourself," said the Squire, as the door opening, Harry and Cecile, all blushes and mirth, at that moment entered.

"Father!" cried the young fellow, starting back.

"Frank!" cried Mr. Leslie. Then, with a burst of laughter: "Why, Meryton, this isn't Hasseldyne! But, boy, what is the meaning of that black mop?"

"It's a capital hair-dye, sir, which I can can recommend."

"But this masquerading?"

"I came here, unaware of your arrival, sir, to explain. Wanting to learn if I could really win the heart of her I loved, at twenty three, as I had at eighteen, I arrived, untrammelled by any ties of betrothal, and introduced myself under this disguise, and under the name of my old friend, Harry. As Harry, I have obtained the sincere affection of my darling Cecile; but shall retain it, I hope, as Frank Leslie."

These words produced sunshine on every face when Frank, turning, said, hand extended, "Charlie, a thousand thanks for the good friend you stood for me! Am I forgiven? I knew I should be. No friend shall equal you, old fellow, in my esteem. And, Evelyne, I hope soon to prove to you that my hair is as 'pretty' as ever."

"It's a shame," laughed Evelyne, "that Cecile should fall in love with somebody else, and it prove to be you after all. Well, that should prove it's fate."

"Yes; a sweet and happy one," rejoined Frank, drawing his betrothed's arm through his—"my fate and hers.

POPPING THE QUESTION.

IT is probable no circumstance in the average man's life is attended with so many perplexing features as that of "popping the question." We are not aware that anyone, who has undergone both ordeals has left his impressions upon record, but the chances undoubtedly are, that at certain stages it is about as pleasant to perform the business of proposing, as to be hanged.

It is remarkable that this view of the matter is very widely spread. On no other supposition can its various preliminary phases be accounted for. As the party in anticipation of the Sheriff's invitation to a business conference at a particular day, is in a measure anxious to postpone it, so is it usual among those ambitious of marital honors, to precede the initial ceremony of asking the lady's consent, by devices that only too plainly evince the perturbed condition of his soul.

Perhaps the earliest, as well as one of the most striking of these peculiarities, is a recklessness with regard to the comfort of the feet. The immediate connection of this demonstration with the inward agitation pertaining to "popping the question," is not so clear as subsequent results make it. But no husband-in embryo ever burst into complete Benedictine glories, without a certain amount of martyrdom through the agency of his boots. In what manner wearing a boot three sizes too small, is calculated to better prepare a girl's heart for the reception of a marriage proposal, is obscure but the fact stands out as bright as day. Strictly speaking corns would rather seem to be an obstacle to success, but unless he manages to cram his toes through to his heels, and proudly bears a bunion upon every joint, the average lover rashly thinks good luck will scarcely smile upon his wooing.

A later form of the same idea of self sacrifice, appears in phenomenal neckties. These manifest themselves differently under different circumstances. Sometimes they take the shape of variety in style, in others intensity of expression. Still, while the true philosophical reason of this custom may not appear, more may be said to its credit, than the immolation of tight boots. The female mind is naturally prone to change, and the passion of the admirer who attacks the citadel of her affections, under the banner of red, green, or yellow ties, as the varying fortunes of the siege may demand, seldom fails of success. Dazzled or blinded by the kaleidoscopic transitions of his neckwear, she forgets to be longer coy, and meets his eager anxiety to pay her life long board with a mystified, but quite willing, "yes."

It must be acknowledged that at first sight, it would look as if these were rather aids, than obstacles to the proper budding of young affection, as flowers blooming from the rich soil of fertile fancy, than as brilliant, but thorny weeds, filling the field of youth. Ah! penetrate beneath the smiling surface. Think of the endless consumption of time, and looking-glass; of strong language, and perspiration, before the refractory band will remain perfectly poised with respect to chin and ears. Only consider the moments of more than human suspense, until the silent approbation of her eyes has spoken, "oh! how nice," to his heart, and rather think that colored neckties are the whips of the Furies than the silken reins of Love.

But amid the labyrinth of miseries in which he involves himself in his agony, ice cream perhaps stands most prominent. Wearing undersized boots may be indicative of reckless courage; iris-hued cravats possibly show a soul that dares to win or lose all on the cast of a die or shade of a tie, but the ice-cream saloon is the resource of thorough desperation—the forlorn hope of the proud and loving spirit that fears not to tempt Destiny merely with a plate and spoon.

The ancients armed Cupid with bow and arrow, though the fashion is now musty. The genius of a later day, drinking deeply of Truth's limpid well, has found a fitter emblem. The whilom twang of the silver bow, and the whiza of lead tipped arrow is no longer heard. Eros has melted the former for the pockets of his victims, and mixed the latter with the fatal cream, or the cakes that enter by its side.

Few women have been able to withstand this species of mad valor. Heroism has ever found its noblest supporters and enthusiasts among the gentler sex. The man whose bravery does not flinch in this trying ordeal, is certain of success. No female could regard without emotion such grandeur of courage. To confront without a tremor the total annihilation of his pocket book, and possibly the pawning of his watch in addition, is more than noble, it is sublime. That it is recklessness—that it is desperation does not strike her. She only surveys his marble brow, his gentle eyes that unmoved watch her demolish the seventh plate, and loves him, yes loves him, even better than the cream.

And it is at such times where the content, or contents of the one, and the trepidation of the other are at their highest—that her consent is oftest asked, and given. True, the sun of joy may be a trifle darkened as he pays the bill, but contrasted with his agony before "popping," it is happiness indeed.

P. Henry Doyle.

Not a Victim.—The Turkish wife is by no means the unhappy creature we have been led to believe her. She has a lofty sense of her own dignity, and the free ways of Christian women shock her. She veils her face with no more regret than a Western lady unveils her shoulders. Turkish women are not shut up. They go out when they please, attended by their maids, if rich, or holding their children by the hand; and their magpie voices fill the bazaars, for they are noisy talkers. Whenever they pass men of all creeds stand aside deferentially. If a husband meets his wife in the street he makes no sign of recognition. If he perceives her halting before a draper's stall and gazing significantly at silks dearer than he can afford, he must possess his soul in resignation, muttering "Heaven forbid." This respect for women prevails also in the home circle, and it comes naturally to the Musulman, who has been taught from his boyhood to behave courteously to the softer sex. The Western conjugal expression about "wearing the breeches" has its Turkish counterpart in the phrase "to live under the slipper;" and it is to be feared that not a few Turks know the taste of this implement of uxorial persuasion. A street porter once came before a judge to complain that his wife trounced him too frequently. "See what mine does," answered the magistrate, opening his gown and showing some weals on his neck and shoulders. "Go thy way, my son, and thank Allah that thou art luckier than I."

If a pail of water be placed within six inches of either side of the stem of a pumpkin or vegetable marrow, it will in course of the night approach it, and will be found in the morning with one of the leaves on the water. If a prop be placed within six inches of a young convolvulus, or scarlet runner, it will find it, although the prop may be shifted daily. If, after it has twined some distance up the prop, it be unwound and twined in an opposite direction, it will return to its original position or die in the attempt; yet, notwithstanding, if two of the plants grow near to each other and have no stake around which they can entwine, one of them will alter the direction of the spiral and they will twine around each other.

[illegible]

BY S. T.

From the broad fields, the golden glory shorn,
And sunny uplands of their beauty reft,
Through the still sunlight of the Autumn morn,
And hedgerows, with their lingering jewels left
By the brown river, through the leafy lanes,
Onto the farmsteads move the loaded wains.

The stalwart reaper bears his brightened scythe,
Or tracks the course the great machine has made,
And bonnie lass and lad, sunburned and lithe,
Round whose straw hats woodbine and popples fade,
Wake all the meadow land with harvest strains,
Clustering and laughing round the loaded wains.

'Tis soft September nature's harvest yields,
But all through life our ripening fruit we reap,
Now storing violets from sweet April fields,
Now roses that bright July sunshines steep,
Now gathering gray October's sober gains,
Now Christmas hollies pile our loaded wains.

Ah, me! how fast the fair Spring flowers die,
How Summer blossoms perish at the touch,
How Hope and Love in useless sympathy,
Weep for the faith that gave and lost so much!
From half our sheaves drop out the golden grains;
Small is our portion in the loaded wains.

Yet ere the mighty Reaper takes it all,
Fling out the seed, and tend it rood by rood;
One ear is full though hundreds round it fall;
One acre 'mid a mildewed upland good;
Eternity will rear on heavenly plains
The smallest treasure won from loaded wains.

The Alchemist.

BY H. G. P.

IN a dark and narrow street of Venice, in the early part of the fourteenth century, stood an old and weather-beaten mansion, grim and lofty. It had been the residence of a Venetian nobleman, but at his death had been suffered to decay. A middle aged man, a female servant and a child had then taken possession of it. Strange stories soon began to circulate concerning them. It was noticed that the man scarcely ever left the house, and the servant only to purchase the necessaries of life. Night after night a light shone in a lofty window, and a thick smoke passed unceasingly from the chimney. So they lived, year after year, until at the time our tale opens, the man and servant had become old and the child was a beautiful woman.

Let us enter the mysterious room and witness a sight never seen in our day. Reclining upon a couch was an old man, whose body appeared weak and decrepit, while his eyes sparkled with a lustre that showed his mind was still active. Before him was a furnace raised some feet from the floor so as to be on a level with his hand. On it were crucibles and retorts, lead, gold and acids in fact, all the apparatus then thought to be necessary for the transmutation of the baser metals into gold. The old man was an alchemist.

The noise made by the opening of his door at this moment, aroused him. He turned to see his visitor

"Ah, Alphonzo, you have brought the money. Give it to me that I may call Bianca. She will purchase all I wish. Give it to me, give it to me—"

"Yes, Gueppo, I have brought the money—but before I give it to you, you must hear my terms. This money I will give to you without security, if you in turn will give to me the hand of your daughter, Irene."

"Never," cried the old man starting from his couch "never will I see her so disgraced. What, wed thee, a nameless ruffian, a bravo, a man who sells his knife for gold? Sooner would I see her in her grave. O, God, how am I reduced that *he* should dare to make me such an offer!"

Meanwhile the bravo sat gazing at the old man with an unmoved countenance. No doubt he had expected an exhibition of rage for rising, he said:

"Well, Gueppo, since the subject displeases you I will say no more about it now. I will give you until to morrow morning to consider my proposal. If you refuse beware, for I can be a warm friend or a bitter enemy."

The bravo left the room, and the old man fell back exhausted. Scarcely had he departed when a gentle knock was heard upon the door and Irene entered. To say that she was beautiful would ill convey an idea of her surpassing loveliness. She looked indeed like an angel in that dark and gloomy room. So thought the old man as he folded her in his arms, and smoothed her tresses with his thin hand.

"Bianca has gone out, father, and I thought that I would see if you wished for anything"

"Nothing, my child—but stay, yes, take this phial and paper to the apothecary who lives upon the Piazza at the end of this street. He will know what you wish"

Hastily kissing her father, she left the room, and in a few moments emerging from the house she joined the throng of people who were crowding towards the Piazza di San Marco. As she left the door of the apothecary and turned towards the street that led to her home, she felt a hand upon her arm—she turned.

"Henri!"

"Irene!"

Before her stood a young man whom she had addressed as Henri, handsome in person and though dressed in a common garb, had that expression upon his countenance which denotes nobility of soul.

"Come, dear Irene, we will be observed here."

They entered a gondola, and as the boatmen rowed along the canal, they, screened by the curtains, could indulge in conversation undisturbed.

He conducted her to her door, bade her good night, and promised to meet her the next morning. Light hearted was their parting, for little did either of them think how much misery awaited them on the morrow.

The morning sun was scarce two hours old, upon the "city of the sea," when Alphonzo the bravo stood within the chamber of the alchemist.

"Have you considered my proposals?" said he, in a loud, harsh voice.

"I have. Never shall Irene wed such a wretch as you"

"'Tis well; remember my words, I can be a bitter enemy."

Turning on his heel the bravo left the apartment. A moment after a piercing shriek rang through the house, the splash of oars was heard upon the canal, and all was silent. The old man started.

"Surely that was not Irene's voice. The villain would not dare to insult her. Bianca" he cried. "Bianca."

But it was too late. In a moment, the old servant entering, told him that the dreadful stranger, who was no other than the leader of a gang of cut throats and murderers, had carried off his daughter.

As he heard it the old man fell back upon his couch and the big tears rolled down his cheeks. Irene was the only being he had ever loved, the only one who would shed a tear for him when he should be taken away. All his love rushed back upon him as he thought of her love and beauty, while a cold shiver ran through his frame as he thought of the fate that awaited her in the hands of the bravo.

What could he, an old man, do against the chief of that murderous band that then infested Venice? He had no gold, while Alphonzo, he knew, would use any bribe to secure himself the prize he so long desired. These meditations were interrupted by a knock at the door, he turned, as it opened to view the intruder. A richly dressed gentleman stood before him—it was the same one Irene had met the evening before.

"You are Gueppo, who lived lately in Genoa," said the young man, in an open, hearty way.

"Signor, I am."

"You have a daughter, Irene."

"Why do you ask me?"

"Because I come to demand her in marriage."

"Marry Irene?"

"Yes, old man. I have known her long and well, and have found in her virtues that would grace a throne. I have her consent to ask yours for an union."

"And who are you?"

"I am Henri Viscount of Chantry, son of the Duke of Fenelon," said the young man, drawing himself proudly up.

"Viscount of Chantry?"

"Yes. I wooed and won your daughter Irene, as a poor fisherman. Last night my father arrived in this city and has generously given his consent to my union. All we now ask is yours."

"Alas! it is impossible," and with tears the alchemist told the story of the abduction.

The tale finished, without a word Henri rushed down stairs, out of the door, and thrown himself into his gondola almost without a thought.

He reached the mansion of his father and retired to his chamber. There he resolved plan after plan for the rescue of Irene but all were dismissed as worthless. A servant entered his room and announced that an ill looking man below desired to see him instantly upon important business. Henri gave orders for his admission; he waited for a moment, when a tall, herculean built man entered the room. A dark hat concealed the upper part of his face, while round his mouth he had tied a large handkerchief. When the servant had withdrawn he turned to Henri and told his business. He belonged to the band of brigands led by Alphonzo.

"This morning," he continued, "for some fancied neglect of mine, Alphonzo struck me. I would have driven this dagger to his heart as he stood in the midst of his band, but I thought of another and a nobler revenge An Italian never forgives a blow. I will guide you and such force as you need to the stronghold of Alphonzo. Once there the arm will be strong that drives the dagger to his guilty heart Do you trust me?"

"I do—for there is something in your countenance that tells me you will not deceive me. At what time shall I be ready?"

"An hour after sundown."

"'Tis well. I will this afternoon make every preparation, and shall expect you here at the time appointed. Till then farewell."

The bravo left the room.

* * * * *

The hour had arrived and Henri stood in front of his father's mansion waiting the arrival of the bravo. Near him, in some large gondolas, concealed by the curtains, were a number of retainers and soldiers well armed and eager for the conflict. Just as Henri was beginning to doubt the bravo's promise he appeared.

Rapidly giving his orders he and Henri leaped into the boat. For a long time they all rowed in silence. The shades of twilight became fainter and fainter, while the darkness of the night increased. They passed through the principal canals, and entered a portion of the city unknown to Henri. Suddenly the bravo stopped his rowing and turned the boat to the shore. The others followed his example. They landed at what appeared to have been steps, but now so broken as to be almost useless. With difficulty they ascended, and when they stood upon the firm bank Henri looked eagerly around. Before him were the ruins of an old palace. The marble walls were almost level with the ground—it seemed indeed a confused heap of columns and arches; it was as silent as a tomb

"There, signor," whispered the bravo, "there is the stronghold of Alphonzo. That was once a palace of the Cenci. Beneath it are large and spacious vaults; within these has Alphonzo made his fearful home."

"How can we gain an entrance?"

"This is my plan: Let most of the men go to the front. I will give them a password which will secure their admission. They will enter the common banqueting hall where all the band in the ruins will be assembled; they must be slain or made prisoners. You, signor, come with me, we want but few men."

The orders were given, and the major part of the band marched to the secret entrance that led to the large hall. Let us follow the movements of the bravo and Henri. They passed through a long, vaulted passage until they reached the end of it

"A door opens here by a spring," whispered the bravo.

At this moment they were startled by a piercing shriek from a woman, mingled with yells and cries at a great distance off, which indicated that the first band had already obtained an entrance.

"'Tis Irene's voice," Henri.

The bravo threw open the door and the party dashed into the room. Irene was struggling in the grasp of Alphonzo, who had evidently paused to listen to the noise in the far off room. With a scream of joy Irene tore herself from him, and threw herself in Henri's arms.

"Who are you who dare thus attack Alphonzo, the bravo? Beware of my vengeance."

"Ha, ha, Alphonzo," shouted the bravo, "your last hour has come—remember the blow you gave me. This is an Italian's vengeance!"

And springing forward he plunged his stiletto deep into the villain's heart; he fell without a groan.

"On, on," cried the bravo—"on, comrades your brothers call. Death to the followers of Alphonzo!"

They dashed through the passage way, along the vaulted hall into the large banqueting room. The battle was dreadful. The bravoes were more numerous than had been supposed, but their boldest were in a few moments slain, and the remainder of the fearful and murderous band surrendered themselves as prisoners.

The morning sun had risen bright and glorious as Henri conducted Irene to the dwelling of the alchemist. As she passed Bianca's room she heard her faithful nurse weeping and lamenting. She opened the door and entered. Bianca started back in alarm when she saw her, but the next moment frantically clasped her in her arms.

"O, Signorina Irene, I never hoped to see you again; how happy you look; I was telling your mother—"

"My mother!" said Irene, starting.

"Yes, your mother. Speak softly, she is asleep. Holy virgin! she is here."

Irene turned quickly around. Before her stood a lady whose eyes were red and swollen with weeping. Her countenance was very pale, but bore an expression of gentleness and love. Irene felt the room rolling before her; she would have fallen, but Bianca caught her.

"My mother," she murmured.

"Yes, Irene, your living mother; who now, after years of separation, claims you as her child. I do not, Irene, deserve your love; for how have I treated you since you were born! Listen to my sad story, Irene, before you judge:

"I will not recount to you, my dear Irene, any of the events of my life before my sixteenth year; suffice it to say, that I was young and thoughtless. They told me that I was beautiful While traveling through Italy with my father, I first met your father. He was the third son of the Duke of Dedington. We met, and from the first moment we loved each other. Knowing that our parents would bitterly oppose the match we determined to be married privately. This was done, and for some time the secret was undiscovered. I was staying at a friend's, near Genoa, when you were born. My husband took you but a few hours after you first saw the light, to a jeweler's wife, who had promised for a large sum to bring you up as her own child.

"Three weeks after this we left Italy. For many years we lived separately in England. My husband's brothers died, and he became the Duke of Dedington. Then our marriage was publicly acknowledged. But our happiness was of short duration; a fever destroyed my husband before I had been a month a duchess. I have passed over all the events that occurred after I left Italy until my husband became the duke; but I must tell you the agony I endured in being separated from you. The goldsmith's wife wrote to me concerning you, but suddenly her communications abruptly ceased, and a letter from her husband informed me that she was dead. After this I heard no more of you. In vain I wrote; I received no answer from the goldsmith. By accident I heard that he was in Venice; I came hither, and yesterday morning I found him in Gueppo, the alchemist, and learned that you had been torn from him. Since that awful moment I have not slept. I could but think of you, and picture you in my mind. My desertion of you has no excuse but that of strong necessity; can you forgive me?"

"My mother!"

"Irene!"

They were clasped in each other's arms.

Above them how different was the scene. The alchemist lay upon his couch, gazing eagerly upon the crucible A liquid boils and hisses within it. Eagerly does he gaze upon it, his whole frame trembling with emotion. "Ah, the labor of long, long years is to be rewarded," he muttered. "Gold, gold, bright gold is here, and will soon be mine. Burn on, fire, liquid boil, and I will become young again." He raised himself upon his wasted arm and looked again upon the crucible. A ghastly pallor spread over his countenance. He fell back upon his couch. His eyes seemed starting from their sockets. He was dead.

* * * * *

Henry and Irene sat together in the room where Irene had held the interview with her mother. Again he had asked her to wed him, not as he asked before, as the poor fisherman, but as the wealthy, the high born Viscount of Chantry. He clasped her in his arms, and while upon his breast her head softly reposes, she softly whispers:

"You wooed and won me as the dowerless daughter of an alchemist. Will I prove less dear to you as the daughter of the Duke of Dedington?"

"The daughter of the Duke of Dedington!"

"There is my mother, she will explain it all. Deserted as I was in childhood, I do not regret it now, as that desertion has shown to me the wondrous strength of a mother's love."

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.—An exceedingly painful affair transpired the other day. A young man and a young woman, whose hearts are bound to each other in the sweet, tender ties of mutual affection, were out strolling one of the fine evenings we had last week. Coming to a grassy bank from which the valley of the river could be seen, they sat down and gazed with rapture upon the scene. Then like two doves they fell to cooing softly unto each other, unmindful of the passing time and ignorant of even the fact that the bank on which they rested was covered with the creeping mercury vine. Their [illegible] were full as they sat there. The next day it seemed as if the contents had gone into their heads. We love to look upon the faces of those dear to us. But they don't. She don't look at all, in fact, and what little view he gets of things generally is through one eye. One of his ears lays across the other eye, and the other ear is on the top of his head where it stands up like the comb of a rooster. Yesterday morning the swelling in her head had gone down enough to show her hairpins, and thirty-five of them were taken out.

DON'T FORGET.—A successful business man says there were two things that he learned when he was eighteen which were afterwards of great use to him—namely, never to lose anything, and never to forget anything. An old lawyer sent him an important paper, with certain instructions what to do with it. "But," inquired the young man, "suppose I lose it—what shall I do then?" The answer was, with the utmost emphasis, "You must not lose it." "I don't mean to do so," said the young man; "but suppose that should happen?" "But I say it must not happen! I shall make no provision for any such occurrence. You must not lose it!" This put a new train of thoughts into the young man's mind, and he found that if he was determined to do a thing he could do it. He made such provisions against every contingency that he never lost anything He found this equally true about forgetting. If a certain matter of importance was to be remembered, he pinned it down on his mind, fastened it there, and made it stay M. S.

Two thousand chainmakers have struck at Stourbridge, England.

Our Young Folks.

THE STORY OF PANDU.

BY J. C. R.

ONCE upon a time in ancient India, there was a fair city called Hastinapur. The house were of pure white marble, and were adorned with curiously carved balconies. The temples were richly decorated with gold and precious stones, and pilgrims from all parts of India brought presents to their shines. The bazaars, or Indian markets, were always blithe and busy. The merchants smoked their long pipes, or hookahs, as they placidly drove their bargains, secure of ready payment, for in Hastinapur there was no lack of money.

The king of this noble city was Rajah Pandu. Men called him "The Pale," because from his birth his countenance was white and troubled, as with deadly fear. But despite his white face, Rajah Pandu was not timorous at heart. He was a mighty warrior and a just monarch, tenderly beloved by his queens, Kunti and Madri, and by his five young sons, to whom he taught all the noble arts. But Rajah Pandu loved passionately the excitement of the chase, and in his eagerness he was often forgetful of the law of mercy. And often the holy Brahmins would warn him: "Rajah Pandu, beware lest a curse falls on you ere your sons be grown to man's estate! Of what avail shall be your deeds of valor when you have slain the innocent?"

Now it chanced once that Rajah Pandu had a mighty hunting expedition in the Himalayan country. One day he had wandered away from his followers, when a noble stag bounded across his path, and Pandu, with a poisoned arrow, slew the animal, which fell quivering and dead. Then suddenly, before Pandu could reach his prey, rushed forth a large-eyed fawn, forgetful of timidity, and standing over the dead stag began to lick his wounds. But Pandu's heart was closed against compassion, and so with another arrow he slew the fawn also beside her mate.

But as Rajah Pandu was approaching his victims, he saw standing by them in the path an old man, in the dress of an ascharite. And the old man turned and looked on Pandu, and Rajah Pandu trembled, for he knew he was in the presence of no mortal man.

"Pandu, Pandu the Pale," said the stranger, "what thinkest thou? Have the gods strengthened thy hands to make thee the oppressor or the protector of the innocent and weak? And think not to make scorn thy excuse, saying, 'Of what worth are these lives I have destroyed?' If to the simple dumb creatures thou standest in the relation of a god, art not thou simple and dumb also to the rulers of the earth and sky? And if thy weaker brethren, the animals, are of no worth to thee, shalt thou be held precious by the gods? Therefore as thou hast ruled so shalt thou be ruled; the destiny thou hast appointed others shall become destiny for thee. Suddenly and unawares hast thou sent forth death, and love hast thou used as a snare therefore love shall prove thy death also and in the moment when its glow pervades thy heart thou shalt surely die."

Then Rajah Pandu bowed his head upon his clasped hands, but he uttered neither entreaty nor complaint, for he knew that Vishnu, the Lord of Life, had passed this sentence upon him, and that the words of the gods, once spoken, become fate. And he knew also that it becomes not a man to fret idly against a curse he has drawn down upon himself, but that he should accept it bravely, and bear it with what strength he may. But when the god had vanished from the path, Pandu the Pale, paler even than was wont, sought out his huntsmen and courtiers. And he ordered every man to return to Hastinapur, and there to salute his brother as their king, and to his queens and his five sons he sent a message, that the gods had passed a bitter curse upon him and that he was thenceforth as one dead to all whom he had once loved. Then he put on him the rough dress of an anchorite, and chose a solitary cavern for his abode; and his food he made of the roots and herbs and fruits of the jungle, and his couch of dried grass and leaves.

And so he lived many months, until the silence and solitude of the woods closed in round and about him, and Hastinapur and his stately palace, and the audience hall where he had been wont to hear complaints and settle disputes, and all the splendor and power of movement of his past life became as a dream to him. And King Pandu's beard grew even to his waist, and though he was still young in years it was as white as a drift of snow, his eyes, also, took the mild dim gaze of extreme age. So gentle was he that the very birds would perch upon his shoulders and eat grain from his open hand, and all the wild creatures of the jungle knew him; the tigers, and hyenas, and deadly serpents did him no hurt, and the timid gazelles played around him and followed him in his walks. But when he saw any creature wounded or in pain, he would weep bitterly, as though the hurt had been to his own child; and he would tend the humblest sufferer with unwearying care, so that soon he became learned in the art of healing, and knew the saving virtues possessed by every sort of plant.

But his wives in spite of the message had hoped for his return, and when he did not come they left with the five children for the Himalayan country. And they thought nothing of the roughness and fatigues of the journey, they who had been accustomed to the luxury and ease of splendid palaces from their youth upwards, for they felt day by day they were approaching Pandu. And soon, when they had reached the jungles, the hermits gave them tidings of their lord.

By their description, Madri and Kunti knew that this must be indeed Pandu the Pale. And they wept to think how great a change had befallen him, and that age, before the time, had stricken him.

Now it chanced that as the day was drawing to its close, the splendor of the sunset melting into the tender radiance of Indian twilight, King Pandu sat upon a stone at the mouth of his hermitage, watching the fire flies, like floating diamonds, flash and fade around him. But suddenly broke in upon his dreams a tender voice, which set his heart beating wildly, both with fear and joy.

"Pandu, my king! My lord Pandu!"

Then Pandu the Pale, paler even than was wont, clasped his hands before his eyes. And distinctly as aught he had ever gazed upon, rose up before him the fair city of Hastinapur.

And now, a second time, his vision, was broken in upon by the passionate cry.

"Pandu, my king! My lord Pandu!"

Still he did not unclasp his hands. But now, as distinctly as Hastinapur, he saw the inner apartments of his own palace, and his heart was wrung, for he beheld his five young sons clad in mourning, and Kunti, in the sad garb of a widow, bade them pray to the gods that their father Pandu might be restored to them; but Queen Madri knelt apart, her silken hair unbound and her large eyes swimming with tears, and her hands were raised as if in wild entreaty.

And now again, for the third time, the voice broke in upon his vision.

"Pandu! My lord Pandu!"

Then the mist was rolled away from his mind, and he saw all the past clearly. He remembered the sin he had sinned, and the curse rang in his ears: "In the moment when the glow of love pervades thy heart thou shalt surely die."

And he rose to his feet, and unclasped his hands from before his eyes, and holding his arms wide, he called out loudly:

"Madri, my queen, come to me!"

And as she ran to him the gods pardoned him, and he died.

But Madri, when she saw that her lord was dead, and that the deed was hers, shrieked aloud in agony; and Kunti and the children and the Brahmins that were with them hurried to the spot, and the women and children wept sorely for King Pandu. But the holy Brahmins sought to comfort them by saying that Pandu's fault was effaced and that he was tasting the favor of the gods in Paradise.

So they raised a funeral pyre to King Pandu, heaping upon it spices and scented wood; and when the flame was kindled, Madri rushed forward, and flung herself upon the body of her lord, crying, "Let no man stay me, for through my love he died! And shall I leave him with none to serve and follow him in Paradise?"

Thus it is that a curse fell upon Rajah Pandu because, despite his valour, he was forgetful of the law of mercy ordained for all men, but chiefly for those who have power intrusted to their hands.

A JAPANESE SCENE.—The shopkeepers are busy with their small wares; the children toddled about happily, sisters carrying brothers as big as themselves, and every one of them with a shaven head on which the hair grew in four black tufts, the forehead, the crown and above each ear; their fathers laugh with them as they fly dragon flies like kites, tying a light thread around the body of the unfortunate insect so as to let it up or down; the women walk about painted and powdered like their own dolls; peasants come in from the country thatched from head to foot in a mantel of straw against some passing shower; bread umbrellas (each stamped with the owner's name) lie out in the street to dry, and the sun streams through their oiled paper of every shade of brown and paper wares are vended of every kind parasols and overcoats and carriage aprons fans and twine, and paper (and not canvas) paintings, and pocket handkerchiefs of which as a lady uses she throws away and anxious people chew paper prayers well in their mouths and spit them at the god.

At New Haven Mills, Vt., is an apple tree that bears apples one year on one side, the next year on the other side. The fruit each year is of the same variety.

Engagement bracelets are the latest novelties.

Cerebrations.

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T S I A M F A
S I N G E R S
I N C I T F U
A G I T A T O
M E T A T E R
F R E T E X T
A S S O R T S

No. 269. Count that day lost
Whose slow descending sun,
Views from thy hand,
No worthy action done.

No. 270.
D E F A M E D
E M E R I T I
F E M A L E S
A R A N I S T
M I L I T I A
E T E S I A N
D I S T A N T

No. 271. NUMERICAL.
The WHOLE is an Athenian magistrate.
The 1, 2, 3, 4 is a perch.
The 5, 6, 7, 8, 9 is a musical composition.
Milton, Mass. DORA CHESTER.

No. 272. SQUARE.
ACROSS:—1. Crude tartar. 2. A river of France. 3. Part of the foot. 4. A serpent, (Prov. Eng.) 5. Acquiesces.
DOWN:—1. A genus of plants. 2. An English novelist. 3. Glue. 4. A storming. 5. Annealing furnaces.
Greenville, S. C. DEAN FOQUIER.

No. 273. CHARADE.
For first a friend of man you'll find,
An animal both true and kind.
A female name is next in row,
'Tis for a maiden, good and pure.
In flower-gardens WHOLE does grow,
A flower which no doubt you know.
East Dedham, Mass. EAGLE EYE.

No. 274. DIAMOND.
1. A letter. 2. To deceive. 3. To spring. 4. Abundant. 5. A mineral. 6. To regret. 7. A letter.
Newark N. J. THERON.

No. 275. CROSSWORD.
In wrong not in right,
In dark not in night,
In yeast not in light,
In wreck not in storm,
In shape not in form,
In learn not in know,
In seed not in go.
The WHOLE 'mongst children you will find
An inclination of the mind.
Philadelphia, Pa. G. M.

No. 276. SQUARE.
1. A plant. 2. An interstice. 3. Poorer, (Rare.) 4. A fruit. 5. Moistened with oil. 6. Notified.
Ironton, Mo. T. A. E.

No. 277 CHARADE.
While walking out with Sue one day,
A handsome bust I spied, sir;
I asked FIRST if 'twas Jupiter?
"Oh! no 'tis not," she cried, sir;
FIRST LAST I called into our side.
The question I repeated,
"'Tis WHOLE," she hastily replied,
And to ice cream I treated.
Decatur, Ala. ROMA.

No. 278. DIAMOND.
1. A letter. 2. A ram, (Prov. Eng.) 3. Experiment. 4. Turned about. 5. A water fowl. 6. An overcoat. 7. A fruit. 8. Dowry. 9. A letter.
Carson City, Nevada. A. L. BERT.

No. 279 ANAGRAM
FATE THROW HEROES, when they fight
'Gainst her commands. She the right
Assumes to govern all. Well—
In this conflict many fell.
Lima, O. TRAVELER.

No. 280. SQUARE.
1. A town of France. 2. A kind of knife. 3. Gratified. 4. A musical note. 5. Execration. 6. Having the shape of a needle. 7. A bailiwick of Norway.
Baltimore, Md. HAL HAZARD.

No. 281. CROSSWORD.
In "hardly ever" not in soon,
In "ocean blue" but not in moon,
In "saucy ship" but not in boat,
In "Pinafore" but not in coat,
In "Queen's navee" but not in corps,
The WHOLE, a line, and nothing more.
Baltimore, Md. ASIAN.

No. 282. DIAMOND.
1. A letter. 2. To nail small strips of board upon. 3. Inclosed. 4. Short bindgroms. 5. Fitted. 6. Fostering care. 7. Recharging. 8. Part of the teeth. 9. A net. 10. An animal. 11. A letter.
New York City. WAVERLY.

ANSWERS NEXT WEEK.

PRIZES.

1. The POST six months for FIRST COMPLETE list of solutions.
2. The POST three months for NEXT BEST list.

SOLVERS.

Cerebrations of August 16th were solved by A. Solver, Waverly, Effendi, Uncle Nat, Alec. Sander, O. Possum, Perrotty, Dora Chester, Theron.
COMPLETE LISTS:—None.

PRIZE WINNERS.

1. Not won.
2. A Solver, - - - Kenton, Ohio.

ACCEPTED CONTRIBUTIONS.

Thorny McQuill—Charade and Characteristic Initials. Q. Pid—Diamond. Eric O'Demos—Diamond. Reversed Rhomboid and Square. Apollo—Charade and Triple Acrostic. O. C. D. La.—Crossword and Half Square. Koo—Numerical. Townsend—Sketch.

ELEVEN LETTER DIAMONDS.
(Continued.)

Words previously used as Centre Words in E. L. D's.		Centre Words in E. L. D's.	
Arsenicated	1	Forwarded	138
Articulated	1	Macadamized	1
Articulator	1	Magisterial	2
Augustinian	1	Mahabalipur	1
Auriculated	2	Malacatunek	1
Autocarpian	1	Malacolites	1
Autocratrix	1	Manipulated	2
Balahalagan	1	Manipulator	1
Calatanzor	2	Manufactory	1
Calendrical	1	Marg avates	1
Californian	1	Marinoramas	2
Calorimotor	2	Mate ativan	1
Culminator	1	Medicolegal	1
Caniculares	1	Memorializer	1
Capacitated	2	Metacetones	2
Capitalized	1	Metapharasis	2
Capitulated	1	Milkilivered	1
Captivator	4	Ministerial	2
Captivation	1	Miseducated	1
Caricatures	1	Molestation	1
Cassowaries	2	Monasterial	2
Castigation	1	Monocardian	1
Castrensial	1	Monocarpian	1
Catacreats	1	Monochronic	2
Catarnetoes	2	Mustromania	1
Categorical	2	Musicalistes	1
Columbarium	1	Neutralized	1
Comensation	1	Nidificated	1
Complicated	1	Nonagesimal	1
Composition	1	Nonelectric	1
Comprobated	1	Novaculites	1
Congregated	1	Ossiculated	1
Controstral	1	Pacificator	4
Continental	1	Palaiunates	2
Contraction	1	Palecolored	1
Contravener	1	Palestrical	1
Contributor	2	Panfculated	2
Corusation	1	Panoramical	1
Coverlharon	1	Paracarenes	1
Cylindrical	1	Parocentric	4
Definitives	1	Paralogical	1
Deliberated	2	Paralytical	2
Deliberator	2	Paraphrased	1
Demarkation	1	Parasemiam	1
Demoralized	1	Parasolenas	1
Denominated	2	Parasolenes	1
Denominator	2	Parasitical	2
Desecration	1	Paronetical	4
Desideratum	2	Paronomasia	1
Desiruction	1	Participant	1
Differential	1	Penetrating	1
Dilacerated	4	Penetration	1
Diminutives	2	Penitential	1
Dreanimated	1	Penological	1
Disinclined	1	Pericardium	1
Distraction	1	Pericarpial	1
Distributed	1	Peripatetic	1
Divaricated	5	Periurion	1
Divulgation	1	Peritonitis	1
Dominicides	1	Primonvial	1
Facilitated	1	Purificator	2
Fanaticized	1	Puritanical	2
Farinaceous	2	Quintillion	1
Felicitated	2	Rarefaction	1
Filamentous	1	Recantation	1
Fluorifacina	1	Remunerated	1
Foraminated	2	Reticulated	2
Forecasted	1	Reverential	1
Forgetmenot	1	Rivercragon	1
Geminated	2	Salinariver	1
Geniculated	2	Saracenical	1
Geniculatus	1	Saturnalian	2
Hardfavored	2	Scientical	1
Hardlabored	1	Semitertian	1
Harumscarum	1	Solanaceous	1
Hibernating	1	Subarration	1
Homiletical	1	Subornation	1
Homocentric	2	Suppression	1
Humiliation	2	Suspiration	1
Jovicentric	1	Tartrovinic	1
Lamentation	1	Tigrellites	1
Lapidifical	1	Titillation	1
Lapillation	2	Totonicapin	1
Latitudinal	1	Tuberinated	2
Legitimated	1	Vacillation	1
Lepidosiren	1	Variegation	2
Levorotical	1	Vaticinator	2
Liverstones	1	Velocimeter	1
Lixivation	1	Vivificator	2
Lucubration	1	Watersnakes	1
Forwarded	138	Total	244

DOUBLE DIAMONDS.

Articulated and Fanticulated	1
Capacitated and Vaticinator	1
Calachresis and Paraphrased	1
Denominator and Vaticinator	1
Homocentric and Jovicentric	1
Levirotical and Puritanical	1
Manipulated and Calculatress	1
Manipulator and Capitulated	1
Marinoramas and Spiculated	1
Palatinat e and Denominator	1
Panticulated and Novaculites	1
Reticulated and Fanticulated	1
Vehicularis and Manipulator	1
Total	14

TWO WAYS TO LIVE.

BY C. S.

There are two ways to live on earth—
  Two ways to judge, to act, to view;
For all things here have double birth—
  A right and wrong, a false and true!

Give me the home where kindness seeks
  To make that sweet which seemeth small;
Where every lip in fondness speaks,
  And every mind hath care for all.

Whose inmates live in glad exchange
  Of pleasures, free from vain expense:
Whose thoughts beyond their means ne'er range,
  Nor wise denials give offense!

Who in a neighbor's fortune find
  No wish, no impulse, to complain:
Who feel not, never felt, the mind
  To envy yet another's gain!

Who dream not of the mocking tide
  Ambition's foil'd endeavor meets,
The bitter pangs of wounded pride,
  Nor fallen power, that shuns the streets.

Though Fate deny its gilt'tring store,
  Love's wealth is still the wealth to choose;
For all that God can purchase more
  Are gauds, it is no loss to lose!

Some beings, wheresoe'er they go,
  Find naught to please, or to exalt—
Their constant study but to show
  Perpetual modes of finding fault.

While others, in the ceaseless round
  Of daily wants, and daily care,
Can yet cull flowers from common ground,
  And twice enjoy the joy they share!

Oh! happy they who happy make,
  Who, blessing, still themselves are blest!
Who something snare for other's sake,
  And strive, in all things, for the best!

FISHING EXTRAORDINARY.

THERE are extraordinary ways of fishing practised by people of uncivilized countries, which are not the result of ignorance, but of that ingenuity which is always rendered fruitful by dire necessity and the instincts of self-support. The Chinese, amongst their many original ideas, have some curious ones on the subject, and doubtless fish now as they did a thousand years ago; and though on the coasts they may have adopted the generally accepted system of working nets, on the waters in the interior of the country they adhere to the methods peculiar to their own nation—methods quaint and curious. The lakes and rivers of China, and especially the north, are so abundantly stocked with fish, that in some places the men called fish catchers make their living by actually seizing and drawing them out with their hands. The man goes into the water, and proceeds half walking, half swimming, raising his arms above his head, and letting them drop, striking the surface with his hands. Meanwhile his feet are moving on the muddy bottom. Presently he stoops with a rapid dive and brings up a fish in his hand. The striking of the surface was intended to frighten the fish, which when alarmed sink to the bottom; then the naked feet feel them among the mud, and once felt, the practiced hand secures them in a moment. Catching fish in this manner is of course a trade in itself, and the plentiful supply it implies is somewhat explained by the fact that even the little ponds of Northern China swarm with scaly life.

On the great Ning-po river the same principle is used on a more extended scale with boats and nets. The boats are ready for the flow of the tide to take them in crowds up the river, and when they halt, the nets are thrown out, and the oars and sculls beat the water with a loud plashing noise. After resting in the same place for ten minutes or a quarter of an hour, they move on again to another station, and there repeat the operation. The noise on the surface is meant for an alarm, as in the case of the fish-catcher; and it is said that this mode of fishing soon loads the nets.

Every one must have heard of the fishing cormorant, which is actually trained in China to catch fish. A man takes out ten or twelve of these web-footed birds in a boat, and as soon as the boat stops, at his word they plunge into the water and begin at once searching for and diving after fish. They are most diligent workers, for if one of them is seen swimming about idly, the Chinaman in the boat strikes the water near the bird with the end of a long bamboo; and, not touched, but recalled to a sense of duty, the cormorant at once turns to business again. As soon as a fish is caught, a word from the man brings the bird swimming towards him. He draws it into the boat, and it drops its prey from its bill. There is always a string tied round the neck, to prevent the fish from being swallowed, and this string requires the nicest adjustment, lest it may choke the bird—a result which would certainly follow if it slipped lower down on the neck. The sagacity and workman-like method of the birds are shown when they get into difficulties. If the fish caught is too large for one beak to secure, another cormorant comes to the rescue, and the two, with united efforts, bring their prize to the boat. The birds have, of course, to be subjected to a system of training, which is carried on in the cormorant breeding and fishing establishments.

Some tribes of Indians catch fish by drugging them. They make the soft branches of the Indian milk bush, or the euphorbia, into pulp, and throw it into the water of the ponds. When the fish taste it, they lose the power of swimming, and are easily taken floating helplessly in the water. They also mix with dough a powder from the Coccolus Indicus, the effect of which is that when thrown into the water it intoxicates the fish, and they swim in circles on the surface, where they can be caught in a hand-net. Lime is sometimes used in the same way; but the disadvantage of that system is that it causes such wholesale slaughter that there is danger of small ponds being rapidly cleared.

A still more singular practice is to be found amongst the Chonos Indians, who train dogs to help them on their fishing expeditions in much the same way as the shepherd's dog helps the shepherd. The net is held by two men standing in the water, and the dogs, swimming out far and diving after the fish, bring them back towards it. The Fuegians, one of the most miserable and degraded races on the earth, train their dogs in a similar manner to assist them in catching birds. They have a wonderful contrivance for killing the sharks which abound off their coasts. A log of wood shaped so as to appear something like a canoe is set afloat, with a rope and large noose hanging from one end of it. Before long a shark attacks the supposed canoe, swimming after it, and is caught in the noose hanging from the stern. It closes on him so that he cannot extricate himself, and the weight of the log keeps him swimming slowly without being able to sink. Then the Fuegians in their canoes, generally steered by women, approach at their leisure and finish the work with their spears.

Far away in northern regions there is a novel method of fishing under ice, which shows more ingenuity than the simple lowering and fastening of a net. A small square hole is cut in the ice, and in this is placed an upright stick, supported by a cross pin run through it and resting at each side on the ice; the end of the stick below this cross pin is short, and to it the line is fastened with the bait and hook attached, while at the top of the stick is a piece of colored rag. Now, though we have called the stick upright, it is meant to fall from that position and lie along the ice, until a fish seizing the bait pulls its lower end, when it rises with a jerk. This contrivance is called a "tip-up," from the movement which is certain to follow the seizure of the bait. The fluttering of the colored rag, as the stick rises, tells the capture; and a great number of these self-acting fishers and indicators may be placed near together, each having its own hole in the ice; and each, by the fluttering rag, telling its own tale the moment a fish is captured.

The tip-up not only saves the fisher the trouble of holding his line in position and watching with particular care, but also makes the fish itself "strike" and announce that it is ready to be pulled out. In fact its ingenuity is only surpassed in the old tale of the Irish monastery, where at the neighboring salmon-leap a large pot was hung so as to be just clear of the falling water, but in the way of any salmon that leaped recklessly; and a bell was placed so that the fish could not fail to ring its knell as it fell, thus announcing to the good brothers at the monastery that he was there, not only secured, but actually in the pot, ready to be boiled for dinner.

Grains of Gold.

Be not simply good; be good for something.

Everybody's business is nobody's business.

Nothing is difficult to the brave and faithful.

Every person should be bland, courteous and affable to all.

Effective preachers always hit people who sit in other pews.

Hold on to your character, for it is, and will be, your best wealth.

Partings are terrible, because they are the foreshadowings of death.

A sweet temper is to the household what sunshine is to trees and flowers.

It is more honorable to acknowledge our faults than boast of our merits.

It is human nature to love to make experiments at the expense of others.

All is hollow where the heart bears not a part, and all is in peril where principle is not its guide.

The flower which we do not pluck is the only one which never loses its beauty or its fragrance.

The first step to self knowledge is self-trust. Nor can we attain to any knowledge except by a like process.

Feverish, anxious, expectant waiting robs the thing desired of half its pleasures, and wears upon the soul.

Hold on to your good name at all times, for it is of more value to you than gold, high places, or fashionable attire.

Hold on to your hearts when evil associates seek your company, and invite you to join their games, mirth and revelry.

The love that destroys pride and envy, and that teaches us to endure tribulations, fits us for heaven, and will be our eternal portion there.

There is a pleasure in contemplating good; there is great pleasure in receiving good; but the greatest pleasure of all is doing good, which comprehends the rest.

How many useful hints are obtained by chance, and how often the mind, hurried by her own ardor to distant views, neglects the truths that lie open before her.

Pride is seldom delicate; it will please itself with very mean advantages; and envy feels not its own happiness but when it may be compared with the misery of others.

If you are disquieted with anything, you should consider with yourself, is the thing of that worth, that for it I should so disturb myself, and lose my peace and tranquility?

We shrink at the blows which fall upon us as our Heavenly Father breaks away the crust of the diamond of our character, and it often takes hard blows to bring out the best of a man or woman.

Who gains wisdom? He who is willing to receive instruction from all sources. Who is the mighty man? He who subdueth his temper. Who is rich? He who is contented with his lot. Who is deserving of honor? He who honoreth mankind.

We have to make our choice in life and to abide by the results of our decision when made. We cannot go on two different ways at once; nor take a deep draught and keep the cup still full; nor spend and save. We can make a loaf of bread or brew a cup of beer at our pleasure; but we cannot make both out of the measure of meal that is enough only for one. "Which shall it be?" is the great question to be asked by each of us.

I see in this world two heaps—one of human happiness, and one of misery. Now, if I can take out the smallest bit from the second heap and add to the first, I carry a point. If, as I go home, a child has dropped a penny, and if by giving it another I can wipe away its tears, I feel that I have done something. I should be glad, indeed, to do great things, but I will not neglect such little ones as this. These little things are what we all can do, and should.

One day you will be pleased with a friend, and the next day disappointed in him. It will be so to the end, and you must make up your mind to it and not quarrel, unless for very grave causes. Your friend, you have found out, is not perfect. Nor are you—and you cannot expect to get much more than you give. You must look for weakness, foolishness, and vanity in human nature; it is unfortunate if you are too sharp in discovering them.

Femininities.

Two weak sisters—Twin girls a fortnight old.

Tea loosens a woman's tongue, but has a contrary effect on a man's.

Bonnets are being built larger, in anticipation of the theatrical season.

A New York lady calls her lover Stop, because he never goes until he is told.

A correspondent asserts that Theodore Tilton allows his wife about $2,000 a year.

"You've heard Browne's married again?" "No; has he? Stupid ass! He didn't deserve to lose his first wife."

A beautiful young Austrian damsel travelled all the way from Vienna to Fort Worth, Texas, to marry her sweetheart.

No woman was ever made round-shouldered at the washtub, and no man ever became humpbacked from splitting wood at the family pile.

Men of genius make the best husbands; a fool has too good an opinion of himself, and too poor a one of women, to be easily governed.

The hardest thing in the world for a young woman to do is to look unconcerned the first time she comes out in a handsome engagement ring.

"With all thy faults I love thee still," murmured a young man, as he calmly handed his girl the artificial teeth that she had sneezed into his lap.

A young woman of Reading Pa., proposes to fast forty days and forty nights. The fools are not all dead, but they are doing their best to become so.

The lady who goes away for her health and takes five trunks begins to decline in weight the moment she discovers that another lady has brought six trunks.

A bold young man explained why he had a pretty girl in his lap with his arm around her, by saying that he was engaged in the study of weights and measures.

Short dresses are all the rage in Paris. This is glorious news to the American women who have grown left-handed in the back from stooping over to pick up their trails.

Fancy feathers will enter largely into the trimming of winter bonnets. The feathers are all natural, not dyed, and are called fancy because of the fanciful shapes in which they are mounted.

A woman may wear her hat knocked into any conceivable shape, and both herself and hat are pronounced perfectly lovely; but just let a man jam in one side of the hat he wears and he is at once proclaimed a first-class rowdy.

"Yes, mamma, I took three lumps of sugar out of the cupboard," says the little girl, contritely. "That was very naughty indeed; but as you have confessed it, I shall forgive you. Go and sin no more." "Then give me the other lump—I only took two."

A man may sneer at a woman all he will because she can't sharpen a lead pencil, but she has the smile on him when he stands holding an unoccupied suspender button in his hand, and wondering whether it will hurt less to pull the needle out of his thumb the same way it went in, or push it on through.

Mme. Grevy wife of the French President, travels in the simplest manner. She takes great pains to pass unperceived, notwithstanding the trouble taken to do her a rather ostentatious homage. The honors which have fallen to her lot do not seem to have affected her in the least.

Young women never grow old. A theatrical manager who advertised for twenty-five beautiful girls, complains that old women who would pass for his grandmother—and he is not a spring chicken himself—answered the card. These were women who had capered before the footlights for years and tossed their ringlets at the front row for a generation, and yet they still fancy they are young, sprightly, and beautiful.

At the entrance of a restaurant in Pesth where young ladies are employed to stand and wait, is posted a notice reading: "Gentlemen are requested to abstain from kissing the waitresses on the stairs, as this is a fruitful source of breakage, and impedes the service." Human nature being the same the world over, the placard calls in a great many customers who are anxious to see the girls whom they are enjoined not to kiss on the stairs.

A peculiar case of trance has caused great excitement in Hereford, England. It is that of a young girl who had been laid out for dead and for whose interment all preparations had been made, when it was discovered that she was in a trance. For three weeks before that she had partaken of no food, and since her recovery from the trance she has had her tongue protruding, the eyeballs rigidly fixed, while the frame at times has been hysterically agitated.

Something very like an absolutely indestructible article of millinery has been devised by English women who have the serge hats matching their traveling dresses made up without any wire or net lining, the shape being given by running an elastic around the crown, and thick piping cords in the shirring of the brim. A hat made in this fashion can neither be bent nor crushed, and cannot be made to look any worse, by any fury of wind or weather, than it does when new.

It is etiquette that makes a woman say, when at an evening review her pet corn is crushed by a young Lothario, and deadly pangs gallop all through her, "Oh, there's no harm done I assure you; I shouldn't have noticed it but for your apology." But frankness generally gets the better of etiquette when she reaches the sacred precincts of home and her husband joggles the same foot and she exclaims, "Ouch! you horrid brute! you'll be the death of me yet; why don't you look where you are going."

There is a period in the early life of every true woman, when moral and intellectual growth seems, for a time, to cease. The vacant heart seeks for an occupant. The intellect, having appropriated aliment requisite to the growth of the unbrowned feminine nature, feels the necessity of more intimate companionship with the masculine mind, to start it on its second period of development. Here, at this point, some stand for years, without making a step in advance. Others marry, and astonish, in a few brief years, by their sweet temper, their new beauty, their high accomplishments, and their noble womanhood, those whose blindness led them to suppose women devoid of such traits.

Facetiæ.

A "picked nine"—The Muses.

Does not come a Miss—A baby boy.

Thieves work on abstract principles.

Out of season—An empty pepper box.

A cut purse is a purse sever-ing fellow.

Important suit—First jacket and trousers.

Emulate the mule: it is backward in deeds of violence.

Unlike the flea, when you put your finger on a hornet, he is there.

People with colds in their heads belong to a generation of wipers.

A man cares little for his wrongs when getting his funeral rites.

Stealing a march—in fact, several of them—Robbing a music store.

There is a wide difference between "printing" a kiss and "publishing" it.

Franklin said that rich widows are the only second-hand goods that will sell at prime cost.

A man who goes fishing should take a lunch along with him. He may get no other bite.

An exchange says that many a plant is ruined by too much soaking. So, too, is many a man.

A Utah paper says: "The pretty girls used to marry Brigham Young, but they won't do so any more."

Edison says the newspapers make light of his latest invention more successfully than he can do it himself.

The saying, "the better the day the better the deed," doesn't apply to a conveyance of property on Sunday.

A truly consistent clergyman always rides to church. He must save his own sole as well as the souls of others.

Horseshoes, lard, and rat-traps always meet with a ready sale. This is where they have the call on poetry.

"How to act in a sick room." Don't act in a sick room. If you must act, join a dramatic company or hire a hall.

'Tis passing strange that, amid all the mistakes of the world, nobody ever passed a quarter for a twenty-cent piece.

The name of a New Hampshire school teacher is May I. Cough. It is more common to hear school teachers addressed as May I. Gwout.

When his wife asks him for a dollar or two for current demands, he smiles sweetly and says, "True love, darling, seek no change."

A tombstone with a simple cucumber carved upon it is oftentimes more expressive than one can be with ten thousand lines of obituary poetry.

The young man who wanted to be an angel, says he is not particular about it just at this time, as he has got acquainted with the young ladies across the way.

One grocer asked another: "Is Colonel —— a man to be trusted?" "I think you'd find him so," was the reply. "If you trust him once, you'll trust him forever. He never pays."

A Michigan schoolmarm has solved the problem hitherto considered unsoluble, of how to prevent scholars from chewing gum in school. She just takes it away from 'em and chews it herself.

There is a plaintive poem going the rounds, entitled, "The Old Garden Gate." What is the use of blubbering over the old garden gate? It is the front gate that has to stand the strain.

A Michigan tramp who has been shot at five times by farmers' wives, says he has only to watch the end of the gun to avoid the contents, as a woman always shuts both eyes when she pulls the trigger.

Goethe said energy would accomplish anything desired in this world. Oh! Goethe, old fellow, were you only in the land of the living to-day, we should give you the task of talking a barber to death.

"My, what a steep hill! And see those ten or twelve wretches packed in one wagon that the poor, staggering horse can hardly draw!" "Wretches? Them are all Christians, mum, goin' to camp meetin'."

The fly that haunts the deserted schoolroom during vacation season and attacks a globe atlas in lieu of the pedagogue's bald head, finds that there is not as much sap in all Asia as in the contracted area of an herbless crown.

Pleasure has many definitions, but in reality consists in going somewhere, being perfectly uncomfortable all the time while there, and calling it "the best time you ever had." So says Jones, who has just returned with his family from the seaside.

A legal gentleman met a brother lawyer one day last week, and the following conversation took place: "Well, Judge, how is business?" "Dull, dull; I am living on faith and hope." "Very good, but I have got past you, for I'm living on charity."

"Where do flies come from?" querulously demands old Mr. Gunnybags, waving his hands frantically over his tormented head. "That isn't the question," replied his equally tormented partner; "when are they going back again? that's what I am very anxious to know."

An old farmer, intent on making his will, was asked by the lawyer the name of his wife, when he gravely replied: "Well, indeed, I really don't recollect what it is. We've been married for upward of forty year, and I always called her 'my old woman.'" The lawyer left a blank to be filled up when his "old woman's" name was ascertained.

In order to inculcate a great moral lesson, a clergyman of an original turn of mind, startled a parishioner by suddenly turning into his shop, crying, "Boo!—you did not expect me to call," said the vicar. "I did not, by a blessed sight!" replied the surprised shopkeeper. "Suppose," asked the clergyman, "it had been death who had called, where would you have been?"

DR. D. JAYNE'S AGUE MIXTURE CURES promptly and thoroughly Fever and Ague, Intermittent and Remittent Fevers. Sold everywhere.

THE HORRORS OF SIBERIAN EXILE

OF the treatment of political exiles in Siberia I have before me, says an eminent author, a thrilling description from the pen of Mr. Robert Lemke, a German writer, who has visited the various penal establishments of Russia with an official legitimation. He had been to Tobolsk, after which he had to make a long, dreary journey in a wretched car, until a high mountain rose before him. In its torn and craggy flank the mountain showed a colossal opening similar to the mouth of a burnt-out crater. Fetid vapors, which almost took away his breath, ascended from it.

Pressing his handkerchief upon his lips, Mr. Lemke entered the opening of the rock, where he found a large watchhouse, with a picket of Cossacks. Having shown his papers, he was conducted by a guide through a long, very dark and narrow corridor, which, judging from its sloping descent, led down into some unknown depth. In spite of his good fur, the visitor felt extremely cold. After a walk of some ten minutes through the dense obscurity, the ground becoming more and more soft, a vague shimmer of light became observable. "We are in the mine!" said the guide, pointing with a significant gesture to the high iron crossbars which closed the cavern before them.

The massive bars were covered with a thick rust. A watchman appeared, who unlocked the heavy iron gate. Entering a room of considerable extent, but which was scarcely man's height, and which was dimly lit by an oil lamp, the visitor asked: "Where are we?" "In the sleeping room of the condemned! Formerly it was a productive gallery of the mine; now it serves as a shelter." The visitor shuddered. This subterranean sepulchre, lit by neither sun nor moon, was called a sleeping-room. Alcove-like cells were hewn into the rock; here, on a couch of damp, half-rotten straw, covered with a sackcloth, the unfortunate sufferers were to repose from the day's work. Over each cell a cramp-iron was fixed, wherewith to lock up the prisoners like ferocious dogs. No door, no window anywhere. Conducted through another passage, where a few lanterns were placed, and whose end was also barred by an iron gate, Mr. Lemke came to a large vault partly lit. This was the mine. A deafening noise of pickaxes and hammers. There he saw hundreds of wretched figures with shaggy beards, sickly faces, reddened eyelids; clad in tatters, some of them barefoot, others in sandals, fettered with heavy foot-chains. No song, no whistling. Now and then they shyly looked at the visitor and his companion. The water dripped from the stones; the tatters of the convicts were thoroughly wet. One of them a tall man of suffering mien, labored hard with gasping breath, but the stroke of his pickaxe was not firm enough to loosen the rock.

"Why are you here?" Mr. Lemke asked.

The convict looked confused, with an air almost of consternation, and silently continued his work.

"It is forbidden to the prisoners," said the inspector, "to speak of the cause of their banishment!"

Entombed alive; forbidden to say the reason!

"But who is the convict?" Mr. Lemke asked the guide, with low voice.

"It it Number 114!" the guide replied, laconically.

"This I see," answered the tor; "but what are the man's antecedents? To what family does he belong?"

"He is a count," replied the guide; "a well known conspirator. More, I regret to say, I cannot tell you about Number 114!"

The visitor felt as if he were stifled in the gravelike atmosphere—as if his chest were pressed in by a demoniacal nightmare. He hastily asked his guide to return with him to the upper world. Meeting there the commander of the military establishment, he was obligingly asked by that officer—

"Well, what impression did our penal establishment make upon you?"

Mr. Lemke stiffly bowing in silence, the officer seemed to take this as a kind of satisfied assent, and went on:

"Very industrious people, the men below, are they not?"

"But with what feelings," Mr. Lemke answered, "must these unfortunates look forward to a day of rest after the week's toil!"

"Rest!" said the officer; "convicts must always labor. There is no rest for them. They are condemned to perpetual forced labor; and he who once enters the mine never leaves it!"

"This is barbarous!"

The officer shrugged his shoulders, and said, "The exiled work daily for twelve hours; on Sundays too. They must never pause. But no; I am mistaken. Twice a year, though, rest is permitted to them—at Easter time and on the birthday of his Majesty the Emperor."

Parties wishing to operate in Stocks in large or small amounts, will find a safe and profitable method through the undersigned. Explanations and financial paper, market reports, etc., free on application. SMALLEY & GALE, Stock Brokers, 8 Broadway, N. Y.

New Publications.

To bring the masterpieces of the great statesman and orator, Daniel Webster, into more accessible form, so cheap that they can be owned in every American household where good books are read, Little, Brown & Co., of Boston, have issued a large octavo volume of nearly eight hundred pages, containing the speeches which have especially given renown to his name, preceded by an Essay on Webster as a Master of English Style, by Edwin P. Whipple. Notwithstanding his great fame as an orator and public man, the only source from which an adequate idea of his genius and eloquence could hitherto be obtained has been his published Works, edited by Edward Everette, a series of six large volumes, whose price has placed them beyond the reach of many who would naturally desire to know more fully the manner of thought and speech of the great statesman. Although Webster might be said to have been a bitter partisan in his day, the fact that the subjects of the present work are such as do not now tend to excite party criticism, only give them the more value. While they may to some extent be read with reference to their political sentiment and bearing upon the country's history, it is more with respect to diction that the volume should commend itself to every young student and professional man as a model of style—clear, terse, strong, bright, inspiring. The title page presents a portrait of Webster in his youth, and facing it is a new engraving of him, as he was in the later years of his life. The price of the volume, which is elegantly bound, and which contains 772 pages, is $3 00.

More Ways Than One is the title of a work by Alice Perry, published by D. Lothrop & Co., Boston. It is an earnest, helpful book, written by one who has a keen appreciation of the spiritual needs of the young, and understands better than the majority of writers how to minister to them. The principal characters are the members of one family, and the story has to do with their separate fortunes. The author's aim is to show that there is more than one road to happiness. The characters are well drawn, and leave upon the mind of the reader an impression not easily effaced. Altogether the story is both interesting and useful. Price, $1 50.

The novel, Madelon Lemoine, by the well known writer, Mrs. Leith Adams, just published in this country by J. B. Lippincott & Co., is not unlike its predecessors. It is a little off the track of English society novels; but it is pervaded by an honest, wholesome tone that affords a refreshing contrast to many of the works with which the American market is now flooded. There is considerable gloom throughout the story, but there is comfort in the fact that the gloom is not suffered at any time to become too desperately oppressive to be borne—though it certainly approaches near it, when in the course of events everybody falls ill with cholera, not to interfere with the due accomplishment of the marriage for love with which a book of this class must of necessity end. Price, neatly bound in paper, sixty cents.

The latest of Herbert Spencer's additions to the science of Sociology has just been issued by the Appletons, and is entitled "The Data of Ethics." It is in harmony with his general treatment of the subject, and bears throughout the impress of his peculiar idea. He explains as his reason for its production now to be that the establishment of rules of right conduct on a scientific basis a pressing need, inasmuch as moral injunctions are losing the sanction of a supposed sacred origin. He points out that few things can happen more disastrous than the decay and death of a regulated system, no longer fit, before another and fitter scheme has grown up to replace it, and he holds that, as the change which promises, or threatens, to bring about such a vacuum is rapidly progressing, those who believe the vacuum can be filled and must be filled are called on to do something in pursuance of their belief, and The Data of Ethics is his contribution to this cause. While his method of treating the subject is as thorough and interesting as it could possibly be made from the standpoint taken, and while many will hail with delight his, to them, clear exposition of the true basis and rules of conduct, there are certainly others who will be far from rejoicing that a scheme of morals deduced from the evolutionary philosophy should coincide so nearly with the most exalted lessons of Christian ethics, nor recognize the influence of this latter element in its creation or development.

The house of Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co., New York, are making great preparations in the way of splendid juvenile books for the holidays. Among them are Pictures and Stories for our Darlings, Little Folks for '79, The Three Brown Boys and Other Happy Children, Sunny Days for Little People, and Little Playfellows, and Childhood's Happy Hours. New editions are also brought out of The Little Chatterer, of the handsome Little Folks' Picture Gallery, now in its twenty-sixth thousand, and of the latter's companion volume, Picture Album for Little Folks. Something unique and taking is The Little Folks' Painting Book, a volume which collects Miss Edwards' charming pictures, and, giving a specimen page of colored illustrations, leaves the others for the children to paint for themselves. Moist colors are furnished with the book for this purpose. Among their holiday works for more mature readers, will be a superb volume on Morocco, written by Edmondo de Amicis, whose Studies of Paris has just been published by the Putnams. It is illustrated by a noted Italian artist.

NEW MUSIC.

We have received the following music from S. T. Gordon & Son, No. 13 East 14th street, New York City: Thrush and the Rose, an Irish ballad, by J. R. Higinbotham, price 30 cents—one of the prettiest little ballads we have ever had the pleasure of listening to. Well! I should Smile! Song and dance, by Harry N. Sawyer, price 40 cents. The words are good and the melody very light and graceful. H. M. S. Pinafore Quadrille, by H. Mayith, price 40 cents. A good and moderately difficult arrangement of the best airs as a quadrille. The Alpha Galop, by H. N. Sawyer, price 40 cents, is light and graceful, and sure to make friends wherever heard. Royal Arch Waltzes, by H. N. Sawyer, price 60 cents. An entirely original set of waltzes is a strange thing now-a-days, when every one strives to imitate Strauss, but Mr. Sawyer has done remarkably well, both for originality and other good points.

Brilliant Results.

There can not be found, in the whole range of medical literature, any such series of brilliant cures as have already been made by the new "COMPOUND OXYGEN TREATMENT," especially in Pulmonary diseases, Catarrh, a low condition of vitality resulting from overwork or sickness, and the wide range of torturing Neuralgic affections. Our treatise on the Nature, Action, and Results of this new Treatment, which is rapidly coming into use in all parts of the country, is sent free. Write and get it. DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, 1112 Girard Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

News Notes.

Next year is the fiftieth anniversary of the first railway in the world.

The Paris Municipal Council has almost decided on adopting cremation.

Three persons in Wilmington, N. C., claim to be over 100 years of age.

An inhabitant of Genosee, France, has opened an asylum for aged domesticated animals.

It is estimated that the people of the United States consume 3,000 barrels of liver pills a year.

There are now in Texas over 5,000,000 sheep. Last year 11,000,000 pounds of wool were shipped out of the State.

In Tennessee, South Carolina and Delaware clergymen are not permitted to become members of the State Legislatures.

A Florida negro lassoed an alligator with a rope, but instead of pulling the reptile ashore he was himself pulled into the water.

Walter W. Stewart, who has neither arms nor legs, has married the daughter of the manager of a Boston side show in which he is on exhibition.

Miss Porter, of Detroit, paid a hackman less than he demanded, and he angrily struck her. She drew a revolver from her pocket and shot him dead.

It is said by the Cologne Gazette that a woman there has had five children—four boys and one girl—at a birth. They only lived a few hours. Though very small, they were well formed.

Mrs. Estelle Johnson, wife of ex-Governor Charles P. Johnson, of Missouri, committed suicide in St. Louis last week. Grief over the death of a child had brought on mental derangement.

The late Sir Rowland Hill, the father of the penny-postage system, had the largest and most complete collection of stamps in the world. It is valued at $5,000, but he esteemed it beyond all price.

Mrs. Hood, wife of Gen. J. B. Hood, who died at New Orleans, of yellow fever, a week or so ago, had given birth to twins three weeks before, these being the fourth pair of twins she had presented her husband.

John B. Gough has left Paris for London, whence he will sail for the United States in October. He went abroad for "total rest," and when he concludes this European campaign, he will have delivered 150 speeches.

William Ulmer has fallen heir to an estate in France, worth $100,000, by the death of his father, in Paris. Ulmer at one time was a barkeeper at the Lookout House, in Cincinnati, but his whereabouts are now unknown.

The Toronto Mail claims that Canada possesses mineral wealth equal to any country in the world, and it rejoices to see evidences that increased attention is being given to mining operations, especially of gold and silver.

The Spanish settlement of Santa Fe, as a town, is more than three hundred years old, and, as it probably antedates St. Augustine, is the oldest European town in the United States. It has a Catholic Church over three hundred years old.

A gorilla about eighteen months old in Sydenham Crystal Palace is described as having "the droll, quiet manners of a little black child." It is gentle and harmless; its ears lie close to its head, and are as well formed as a boy's. It is a girl gorilla.

The handsome Boston Globe Theatre is owned in sections by several persons, and one of them, disgusted by his failure to agree with the others, is putting up a wall at the edge of his portion. This cuts off a third of the stage and a part of the auditorium.

Three hundred barrels of illicit whisky were emptied into a creek by a revenue collector, at Waco, Texas. A crowd of men plunged into the stream and drank all of the liquor possible before it flowed away. They got enough of it to make all very drunk.

At the present moment England has in commission twenty four seagoing ironclads and three coast defense ironclads, besides five ironclads and six coast defense ships ready for sea now, and nine seagoing ironclads which might be ready in a month or six weeks.

The late war with Russia has apparently not diminished the gross luxury of the Sultan and his Pashas in Constantinople. Their extravagance is as notorious as ever, their harems being crowded with slaves. There is much suffering among the lower class of people and the inferior officers.

Dogs commonly accompany their masters to the Winnipeg theatre, and, recently, in the midst of the most tearful scene, two of the brutes got into a fight close to the stage. The audience transferred its attention to the interpolated show, and the play was suspended for ten minutes.

The Ex-Empress Eugenie has just purchased of Baron Sessler-Herzinger the castle of Wasserburg, Upper Styria. The front contains 123 windows, and the building is 400 years old. She will have the ex-Khedive of Egypt as a neighbor, if he succeeds in buying of Moritz von Bartman his castle of Frank.

Mr Hungerford, father in-law of Mackey, the California bonanza king, is visiting old friends at Waterford, N. Y., and a correspondent says: "Mr. Hungerford was a former resident of this village, and here years ago learned the trade of a barber, and many remember with mingled emotions the trying ordeal through which they passed when the apprentice was practising upon their faces."

When life is a drug, and you have lost all hope, then trust in Hop Bitters.

Mrs. Thankful Taylor is a remarkable Vermont lady 90 years old. In her younger days she thirsted for a thorough knowledge of English, Greek, and Latin, and, being poor, she worked for her books, and then studied them as she stood at her spinning-wheel. In this way she not only educated herself in the languages, but she learned ecclesiastical and profane history, medicine, science and general literature.

A curious fact is reported from Tulare county, Cal. Wheat is growing near Hanford, where, four years ago the waters of Tulare Lake stood ten feet deep. In the four years prior to last April the lake receded five miles, and since last April one mile. On the land reclaimed from the lake are found evidences of former occupation, remains of a cabin and corral, and irrigating ditches can be traced running in straight lines, and some of them extending into the lake and apparently still further under the waters.

A slight shock of earthquake was felt a few days since at Youngstown, and in some parts of Buffalo.

Who Has Not Been Bilious?

Probably no one. Doubtless we have all suffered to some extent the disagreeable sensations which a disordered or a languid liver can inflict. Sallowness of the skin, constipation, nausea, vertigo, soreness in the vicinity of the organ affected, a sensation as of congestion in the head, positive headache, a loss of appetite, extreme thirst, a high color of the urine, are among the symptoms which announce a perversion or vitiation of the bile. The remedy of remedies for the above is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, administered by medical men; pronounced pure and wholesome by them, and popular as a comprehensive family medicine, and as a specific preventive and remedy for chills and fever and bilious remittents throughout America, and to a wide extent in foreign countries. Disorders in the stomach and bowels, as well as liver, are speedily remediable with this popular and time-honored medicine.

American Fruit Preserving Powder.

As this is the season for the provident housewife to set about making her preserves for the winter, anything that will render success more certain, and the work less laborious is sure to meet with a ready welcome. The old method of using immense quantities of sugar, with endless boiling, is now superseded by an invention than which nothing has ever proved itself so thorough and satisfactory. We refer to the American Fruit Powder, manufactured by L. P. Worrall, No. 24 Liberty Street, New York. By its aid the business of preserving is very much simplified, and the expense and trouble reduced to almost nothing, while the fruit is rendered much more tasteful and pleasant. In preserving and improving cider, it is likewise invaluable. Altogether this is one of the most marked labor-saving inventions of the age, and the housekeeper who once uses it is certain not only to continue it but to also recommend it to all her friends. One package, price $1.00, preserves 256 pounds of fruit, tomatoes, etc.

A CARD.—To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of vitality, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the Rev. JOSEPH T. INMAN, *Station D, New York City*.

To One and All—Are you suffering from a Cough, Cold, Asthma, Bronchitis, or any of the various pulmonary troubles that so often end in Consumption? If so, use "Wilbor's Pure Cod-Liver Oil and Lime," a safe and sure remedy. This is no quack preparation, but is regularly prescribed by the medical faculty. Manufactured only by F. B. WILBOR, Chemist, Boston. Sold by all druggists.

THE SECRET KEY TO HEALTH.—The Science of Life, or Self-Preservation, 300 pages. Price, only $1. Contains fifty valuable prescriptions, either one of which is worth more than ten times the price of the book. Illustrated sample sent on receipt of 6 cents for postage. Address, Dr. W. H. Parker, 4 Bulfinch St., Boston, Mass.

We have examined a sample of the "Common Sense Hair Crimper, Frizzer and Curler," advertised in another column, and we unhesitatingly advise our lady readers to give them a trial, as they seem to be all that the advertiser claims for them.

One gill of "SAPANULE" to a pint of hot water, cures Rheumatism, Neuralgia, or Lame Back, if parts affected and spine are bathed freely.

Study Hop Bitters Book, use the medicine, and you will be wise, healthy and happy.

When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.

THE GREAT DRY GOODS & OUTFITTING HOUSE.

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CATARRH &c., permanently relieved and effectually cured by the use of "The Scottish Thistle Medicinal Fumers." Having cured myself of a case of asthma of 15 years standing, I can guarantee the results from the use of my remedy. A child can use these Fumers, as they do not have to be smoked. You need not suffer one hour after using my remedy. Home testimonials furnished upon application. Box of Fumers and directions for use sent upon receipt of $1.00. One box will cure the worst case. Address James F. Morrison, Bellaire, O. Agents Wanted.

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NERVOUS DEBILITY

Vital Weakness and Prostration, from overwork or indiscretion, is radically and promptly cured by

HUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFIC No. 28.

Been in use 20 years, and is the most successful remedy known. Price $1 per vial, or 5 vials and large vial of powder for $5, sent post free on receipt of price.

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R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

CURES THE WORST PAINS

In from One to Twenty Minutes.

NOT ONE HOUR

go after reading this advertisement need any one SUFFER WITH PAIN.
RADWAY'S READY RELIEF IS A CURE FOR EVERY PAIN.
It was the first and is

The Only Pain Remedy

that instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays Inflammations, and cures Congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels, or other glands or organs, by one application.

IN FROM ONE TO TWENTY MINUTES,
no matter how violent or excruciating the pain the RHEUMATIC, Bed-ridden, Infirm, Crippled, Nervous, Neuralgic, or prostrated with disease may suffer.

FEVER AND AGUE,

FEVER AND AGUE cured for fifty cents. There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other malarious, Bilious, Scarlet, Typhoid, Yellow and other Fevers (aided by RADWAY'S PILLS) so quick as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF. 50 cents per bottle.

Dr. RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS.

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated, for the cure of all disorders of the stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys, bladder, nervous diseases, headache, constipation, indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, bilious fever, inflammation of the bowels, piles, and all derangements of the internal viscera. Warranted to effect a positive cure. Price 25 cents per box.

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THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER,

FOR THE CURE OF CHRONIC DISEASE,
SCROFULA OR SYPHILITIC, HEREDITARY OR CONTAGIOUS.
BE IT SEATED IN THE
Lungs or Stomach, Skin or Bones, Flesh or Nerves,
CORRUPTING THE SOLIDS AND VITIATING THE FLUIDS.

Chronic Rheumatism, Scrofula, Glandular Swelling, Hacking Dry Cough, Cancerous Affections, Syphilitic Complaints, Bleeding of the Lungs, Dyspepsia, Water Brash, Tic Doloreux, White Swellings, Tumors, Ulcers, Skin and Hip Diseases, Mercurial Diseases, Female Complaints, Gout, Dropsy, Salt Rheum, Bronchitis, Consumption,

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Kidney and Bladder Complaints,

Urinary and Womb Diseases, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's Disease, etc.

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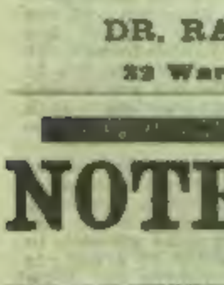

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FLEXIBLE HIP CORSET,
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THE HEALTH CORSET
is now made with the Tampico front, which is soft and flexible and contains no bones. Price by mail, $1.50. Nursing Corsets, $1.75.
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MUSIC "I GIVE YOU MY WORD I MEAN NOTHING." The best song and chorus (with instrumental accompaniment) ever published. Don't fail to send for it. Price, 30c.; two copies 50c.
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Oriental Cream or Magical Beautifier

Removes Tan, Freckles, Sallowness, and every blemish on beauty. It has stood the test of thirty years, and is so harmless we taste it, to be sure the preparation is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. The distinguished Dr. L. A. Sayres said to a lady of the haut ton (a patient)—"As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the Skin preparations." Also, Poudre Subtile removes superfluous hair without injury to the skin.

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Very highly recommended by first-class Physician for the relief and cure of nervous and chronic ailments, such as Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Sciatica &c. This is the only effectual dry battery for wearing on the body or limbs known to the healing art, for short or prolonged applications of primary medical electricity. It is perfect and self acting (without shock). It is durable and easy to wear and perfectly safe in all cases, specially adapted for delicate ladies. Used simply as a pad next the skin. Small disk for children for headache, &c., $1. Large or circle disk $2.50. Long Belt $3.50 & $5. For sale by Druggists and Surgical Instrument makers. Manufactured by Electric Disk and Belt Co., D. J. McFarlane, Manager, No. 7, Exchange Place, Boston.

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Physicians Recommend it. Try it. Sold by druggists.

Dr. Seymour, Graduate of Medicine and Pharmacy, Drug Store, N. W. cor. Thirteenth and Brown Sts., Phila., guarantees an absolute cure in Scrofula, Syphilitic and Urinary Diseases, in Catarrh, Piles, Nervous Debility and all Skin and Hair Troubles, Irregularities, Loss of Vitality, Female Complaints, etc. No clerks. Advice free.

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BIG PAY to sell Rubber Print'g Stamps P. O. Daters, Self-inkers, movable type, &c. Samples free. E. Taylor & Co., Cleveland, O.

60 Cards, 20 Chromo, 10 motto, 20 Ocean Shells, Snow flake, &c., Name on, 10c. CLINTON PRINTING CO., Clintonville, Ct.

60 Lily, Floral, Enamel, Gilt Scroll, motto, marble cards no 2 alike, name on 10c. Card Mills, Northford Ct.

50 FINE CARDS no 2 alike with name & case, 10c, 40 White 10 cts. POSTMASTER, Higganum, Ct.

$2 WATCHES. Cheapest in the known world. Agents wanted. Address COULTER & CO., Chicago.

American Fruit-Preserving Powder

AND LIQUID is the Cheapest, Most Reliable, and Best-Known Method of preserving all kinds of FRUITS, TOMATOES, Etc., STRAWBERRIES, RASPBERRIES, and all high-colored Fruits retain their rich color as well as flavor. One ounce of it (costing 3 cents) is equal to 3 lbs. of sugar in preserving properly.

Established over ten years, and endorsed by thousands upon thousands of families. One trial will establish the fact that the AMERICAN FRUIT-PRESERVING POWDER and LIQUID will effectually prevent fermentation and preserve all kinds of FRUITS, TOMATOES, Etc., and keep them the year round, or for years. In jars of any kind or size, or in wooden kegs and barrels, WITHOUT SEALING AIR TIGHT. Simply corked or tied down with a strong paper is all that is needed.

The Fruit will keep WITHOUT SUGAR, or any quantity of sugar may be added as desired.

WARRANTED TO BE AS HEALTHFUL AS TABLE SALT.

The Fruit, etc., may be cooked little or much, as desired. They will keep without any cooking, or they may be cooked down into sauce. The method is simple and easy. None can fail if the Powder and Liquid is added into the Fruit, etc., in quantity as directed.

One package will preserve 250 pounds of Fruit, Tomatoes, etc. Price ONE DOLLAR per package.

Give it a trial. If you cannot get it from your Druggist or Grocer, I will send it prepaid to any express office in the United States east of the Mississippi River, upon receipt of the price; or west of the Mississippi River and east of the Rocky Mountains for $1.25 per package.

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Hair Crimper, Curler, AND FRIZZER,

It recommends itself by its Low Price, Durability, Beauty, Neatness and Comfort. Don't make yourself hideous with scraps of curl papers, mutting your fair head or unsightly iron crimpers which break and destroy the hair—woman's glory—when you can for a trifle secure the incomparable COMMON SENSE HAIRCRIMPER, FRIZZER AND CURLER.

One dozen sent to any address postpaid on receipt of price 25 Cents, in currency or postage stamps.

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For Wounds, Bruises, Sprains, Sores, Chilblains, Bunions, Corns, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Headache, Lame Back, Bites of Insects, relieves and cures Poison, and all skin diseases. Used in baths is a sure preventive of fevers and contagious diseases.

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For Wigs, Inches.	*Toupees and Scalps, Inches.*
No. 1. The round of the head.	
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck	No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.	No. 2. Over forehead as far as required
No. 4. From ear to ear, round the forehead	No. 3. Over the crown of the head.

He has always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair.

$1 SWISS ORGAN $1

Known as the TYROLEAN MUSICAL BOX. We will send to every reader of this paper the TYROLEAN MUSICAL BOX, 8 tunes, as follows: "Home Sweet Home," "The Last Rose of Summer," "Tommy, make room for Your Uncle," "Baby Mine," "Hold the Fort," "The Blue Danube Waltz," "Dreaming near the Moonlight," "All among the Hay Boys." We will send the Tyrolean Music Box by mail on receipt of $1; 3 boxes for $2. SCOTT & SON, 31 Park Row, N. Y.

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This is an elegant Pocket-Book of a new design, made of Russia leather and handsomely finished with nickel plated mountings and clasps. It is arranged with pockets suitable for either silver, scrip or bills, and has a beautiful silk handle with tassels attached. They are equal to pocket-books sold in the stores for $1.25 to $1.50, and yet we send one by mail post-paid as a premium to any one sending five subscribers to Farm and Fireside at 50 cents a year. We are confident that our lady readers will be delighted with this new premium, and are sure that a more acceptable present could not be found.

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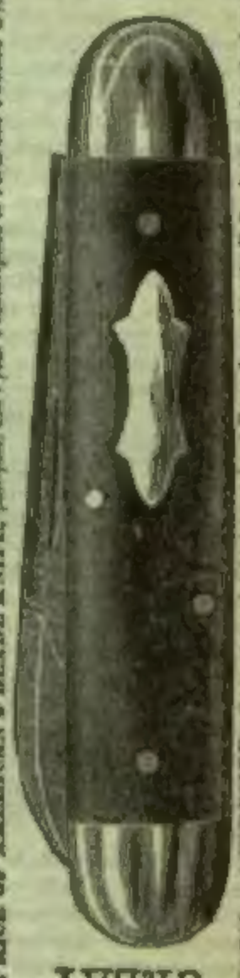

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by mail, post-paid, as a premium to any one sending us 2 subscribers to Farm and Fireside at 50 cents a year. PRICE OF IMPORTED 8 BLADE KNIFE, post-paid, and 1 year's subscription to Farm and Fireside, is One Dollar. AN EXCELLENT 8 BLADE KNIFE, post-paid, and 1 year's subscription to Farm and Fireside, for 75 cents. Knife is large size, and the corkscrew is so large that we can afford to publish it at 50 cents a year, although each copy contains as much reading matter as most journals costing $2 to $4 per year. Knife is same as sold by us for $1.50 each. For a limited time we will send one of these

HANDSOME 2 BLADE KNIFE

post-paid, and 1 year's subscription to Farm and Fireside for 75 cents.

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OPIUM Habit cured at Home. No publicity. Cure painless. Terms reasonable. Time short. Tenth year of unparalelled success. 1,000 testimonials. State your case and address
DR. F. E. MARSH,
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18 ELEGANT New Style Chromo Cards with name, 10c. postpaid. Geo. I. Reed & Co., Nassau, N. Y.

Ladies' Department.

FASHION NOTES.

TASTE is divided between long and short costumes. Short costumes prevailing for out-door toilettes, but for dinner and evening dress they are made with very long trains. In every detail of the toilette, however, the greatest latitude is allowed; each individual may adapt the modes of the day to her position in society, her means, her age, or appearance, no fixed rules are applicable generally except those applying to mourning, which remain unchanged in their simplicity.

It is rather early to talk of overdresses, but some pretty mixed suitings in pin-head checks and almost invisible stripes, are shown for them, as well as camels' hairs. Some of these heavy goods will probably be made up into entire suits like those shown late in the spring, but the overdresses are more convenient and economical.

Plaids are not yet out of fashion, it is said to say, and plaid mummy-cloths, some with well defined cross bars, others in which nearly all the colors blend into a uniform dark shade, with only one thread-like stripe cutting it into quadrilateral sections. Striped goods for trimming and for combination suits abound and vary to style from the dark, rich satin and wool Pekins and plain colors to the gorgeous cashmere and gendarme blues. The plain Pekins begin at low as $1 25 a yard, and come in all colors and in stripes of all widths. The cashmere stripes are only long, narrow wreaths of tiny flowers, small palms, or the nondescript figures on India shawls; they are less crude in coloring than the Pompadour stripes of last summer, and harmonizing perfectly with the dark greens, garnets and blues with which they alternate. The most elaborate, besides having stripes of cashmere figures and of lustreless solid color, have a third stripe, defined by a single thread of old gold, and with a satin surface. Dark stuffs, dotted with minute roses scarcely bigger than a pin head.

The newest goods are those in which the whole ground is covered by the figures, and these stuffs are so entirely different from the brocades of last season that it is provoking to find that they are all invoiced as novelties, and that not one of them has a name. The gorgeous Persian patterns, in which two or three shades of blue or wine color are mingled with old gold in a pattern apparently taken from pottery; the Moorish designs, in which peacock blue or garnet is twined into curious arabesques with lines of old gold; and the Indian patterns, into which every conceivable vegetable color enters, are all novelties, only distinguished by their prices, which range as high as $3, descending thence to $1. These materials, if the French fashion be followed, will be used not only for collars, cuffs and vests, but for the dress coats and frock coats in which women are to be arrayed, and in which one may be excused for hoping that they will look better than men do in similar garments.

In the imported woolen stuffs we find a repetition of the *cotoline*, the "mummy-cloth," and the *armure* textures which distinguished the cotton fabrics of the Spring. The *cotoline*, it will be remembered, in the small cords which run through the warp, is similar in appearance to the old-fashioned dimity with which the most of us were familiar in childhood; the "mummy-cloth," which takes its name from the ancient Egyptian stuff in which mummies are found enwrapped, is a *crepe* texture; and the armure is a texture with minute set figures thrown upon the face.

These goods will serve as the foundation or substantial portion of costumes intended for medium wear, relieved in various ways by appliances in silk or woolen stuffs of Pompadour patterns and colors. Though these gay stuffs, we understand, will be used rather in the light of combining than trimming materials. Thus, the *panniers*, the *bouffants* portion of the train, the vest, collar, and cuffs, will be of the damask. Or the waist of the dress, in keeping with the *tablier* and the puffed drapery of the *tournure*, will be of the damask or brocade; while upon costumes made differently the fancy material will appear distinctly as an extraneous application.

The fashion of jackets made of different materials from that of the skirt still adds to the variety in the dress of the present day. A practical toilette for the autumn is as follows: Skirt of satin foulard with white dots on a ground of plum color, dull green, or very dark blue; vest of faille or satin, plain, of the same shade as the ground of the foulard used for the skirt. Jacket of very light black cloth, opening wide on the chest, closed at the waist by two buttons, and parting below the waist to show the vest. This is chiefly designed for young girls or young married ladies. But it is important to note that the jacket will take a leading position in the winter toilette. These jackets will be made of stamped velvet, brocaded silk, cachemire shot with gold, or simply of light cloth, as the occasion may demand.

A garment which is meeting with considerable favor is the "mantel Brinda," or Walter Scott. It is generally made of Scotch plaid. It is plaited in the back, and has large velvet revers. It is often made of green plaid and trimmed with dark blue velvet. Black and white checked goods is also suitable for this purpose when trimmed with garnet-colored velvet.

Among the new fancy goods now in vogue are chatelaines and crystal smelling-bottles handsomely mounted. They are in many designs, such as small revolvers and quivers. Ornaments for the hair consists of diadem combs and flat and rounded combs in the shape of the head, to be worn when the hair is worn flat. Very pretty ornaments are also made of light and dark shell in the shape of swords.

Satin antique, a new fabric, really a satin plush, will be used for trimming purposes, both for hats and bonnets as well as dresses. Whole hats and bonnets of satin antique are also seen among millinery goods. This fabric comes in all the new colors, and when used as a shirring for the inside of a brim, is very becoming when of a becoming shade. Satin sublime is another new material for bonnets and their trimmings. It is thick, lustrous, and is frequently seen in chameleon tints. Leopard velvet is, however, the most novel and gorgeous material seen among trimming fabrics. It has a satin ground, very little of which, however, is seen, and that little is generally of gold or old gold color, or silver gray or drab. On this ground are irregularly shaped roundish spots of velvet, with a very long pile in two colors, black and gray, or dark blue and gray, or Amaranth and gray. The length of the pile of the velvet, added to the close proximity of the spots, makes the golden satin ground invisible at an angle of forty-five degrees, and this produces the richest chameleon effect imaginable as the fabric is turned in the light. Ribbons will also be used for bonnet trimmings this fall, and the new ribbons show all the richness of satin, plush, velvet, and Jacquard effects that are noticed in the new fabrics and trimming materials. They are also wider than they were last season.

The slight in figure continue to be especially favored by Fashion. The panier is particularly adapted to the slender; though, with skilful management, and when very slightly bouffant, it has the effect of rendering a rather thick waist comparatively small in appearance. The tiny panier of the present day has little in common with the enormous *corsage de fatton*, with rows upon rows of cane or whalebone and fluted crinoline, which our ancestresses managed as best they might.

Whalebone enters, however, into the organization of the present panier, though this mode of distension has not yet been generally adopted. This contrivance is from ten to fifteen inches in length, and six in width, and only gives the wearer (if slight) the appearance of rather well-developed hips. Sometimes, when the basque of the jacket interferes with the original position of the panier, the latter is dislodged from the hips to take up a lower position. This, too, is a difference from the panier of 1787, which distended drapery in a direction almost at right angles with the line of the waist. The following instructions as to the mode of cutting the skirt of a short costume, may be found useful: Made almost round, the skirt should not touch the ground at any point, but should clear it by at least two inches. It consists of a front breadth measuring thirty inches across at the lower edge, of two gores, each measuring fourteen inches, and of one straight breadth which measures a yard in width, being the usual width of linings and calico. This gives a total width of two yards and twenty-two inches. The back breadth is gored in the middle. The whole is mounted into a flat band, which fits the hips exactly. The tunic is not separate, but is fastened on the skirt just below this band.

Nothing could possibly be more convenient than this costume. It is easily put on, and looks very well. It is usually worn with a jacket of totally different color. For simple toilets it usually consists of black Pekin, velvet and silk, or satin and silk. For more ceremonious occasions Pompadour brocbes or cashmeres are used. We have observed a toilet of black silk trimmed with jet, with jacket of grenat satin with Pompadour designs in flowers. Another costume of biscuit colored crepe de l'Inde, trimmed with gendarme blue satin ribbon, was completed by a jacket of Pompadour brocbe on a gendarme blue ground.

There are few novelties to chronicle as yet. The new silks for early autumn wear are brocaded stripes of two or three contrasting colors, and also small armure figures set in three precise rows. Many of the armure silks are partly velvet, while others are plush, the figures being a long raised pile on a silk or satin ground of the same color. The striped silks have arabesque figures in graceful curves, of a dark color on a light ground, as gendarme blue on a gold ground, blue on pink, cardinal on cream color. The stripes are an inch wide, and are separated by a thin line of twilled satin. Such figured silks serve only for parts of costumes that have plain silk or satin for their foundation. More costly fabrics are embossed velvets with shot satin grounds, the flowers being dark and in high relief; and there are a host of materials imitating old chair covers and old Indian cashmeres and these are to be made up into casaquins. These casaquins will be much worn this autumn, and are suitable with skirts made of any material, and in any color. They are handsomest, however, over toilets of black faille, cashmere, or white muslin. Some ladies have old cashmere shawls cut for this purpose, in which case they can be trimmed with plain passementeries, in corresponding colors worked with beads. French cashmeres of pure colorings are now rendered extremely brilliant through the admixture in the weaving of a small portion of silk. A new Sicilienne has recently appeared; it is ribbed with satin stripes, and will be used for crossbands and waistcoats with plain woolen dresses.

Fireside Chat.

TRIFLES FOR A FAIR.

I HAVE had several inquiries recently for some suggestions for fancy articles suitable for a fair. Housewives, as a rule, find ready purchasers, especially during this time of excursions. The strongest, by far, consists of cloth; but those most easily ornamented are in satin, cashmere, linen, crash, and even ticking, all bound with colored ribbon, and many lined with flannel. These handy articles vary in make according to their contents.

A single housewife can be reproduced by a 3in. strip, finished at one end by a triangular flap, down the length sets of needles are placed in a row on flannel, each set divided by feather stitching, and numbered according to size by a cross-stitch figure. To the plain end is firmly sewed a silk mattress, 3in. by 2in., round the border of which pins describe little designs or letters. A larger kind forms quite a compendium of useful items. It is made with a piece of flannel lined leather, 18in long by 7in. wide, 4in. of the length being shaped for a flap, and fitted with elastic loops in which to slip the scissors, thimble, bodkin, and stiletto. The remainder of the piece is thus divided: Three rows of perpendicular stitching, ¾in. apart form places for threads or silk on either side, buttonholes top and bottom, allowing the skeins to pass through. The central 4in. has an extra piece of flannel pinked out on one edge and separated by horizontal stitchings into twelve or thirteen compartments for buttons, a sample one of each being sewn outside. The strip terminates either with a needle book or as a cotton box, in which case an extra 3in. must be given in the length, and two small squares fitted in the sides, in the same way as for sofa bolsters. All these housewives either fold over flat, secured by a button, or are rolled up, when, instead of tying them as formerly, the ribbons fasten as a miniature traveling strap.

Really elegant housewives have a covering of silk treble crochet, guipure, or darned net, mounted on colored silk and surrounded with cord. One of this kind, measuring 20in. by 6in., is separated by chain or coral stitch into four vertical divisions for white and black cotton embroidery, cotton, and silk. Below these, leaves of pinked-out flannel are tied across by ribbons, and form a little book for needles and pins; the lower part finishes as a pocket to contain thimble and a small piece of tatting, crochet, or other odd work.

Out of cardboard boxes may be contrived many pretty receptacles. A collar box, for instance, lined and covered with bright silk, will give two compartments when divided by a piece of stiff buckram, one of which will hold loose cottons, &c., and the other, well stuffed, will make a pincushion. In a similar way handkerchief boxes, or shallow cases, &c., are effectively covered by silk or velvet, and bordered inside by a row of little pockets for reels, silk winders, and tape measures. The lid comprises four flaps, closing like an envelope, the two side ones overlaid with flannel for needles, the upper and lower ones securing bodkins, crochet hooks, and other odds and ends by elastic straps.

A very favorite shape for jewel boxes can easily be reproduced with spare bits of cardboard and silk or satin. It requires ten pieces, and consists of a central box, 4½in. high, 5in. square at the upper part, and tapering towards the base to 2in. Four open pockets surround the sides, corresponding with them in height and graduated shape, but as many as 7in. wide, and hollowed out at the top. Two contrasting colors are employed for lining and cover, or, with a little taste, even scraps of silk, velvet, or brocade might be charmingly utilised. A scented pincushion surmounts the lid attached to the casket by ribbon hinges, and opened by a loop to match; this cushion, together with the pockets, displays a piece of satin previously embroidered, and the whole is enhanced by a ruching, often replaced by lace, a string of shells, tiny feathers, or roses. This inexpensive knicknack may fitly adorn any dressing table.

Embossed and other fancy stripes come in very nicely for photo frames, and are newer than the ordinary velvet; while larger bands, stretched over looking-glasses, have quite an artistic air about them, and, moreover, the advantage of concealing shabby frames. Still another good use for these antiquated remnants is the lining of whatnots, sideboard and mantel shelves, now so fashionable for displaying old china.

A few trifles must be prepared for gentlemen, and one of the most uncommon is a case for razor paper, made from a piece of silk oatmeal, &c., 15in. long by 6in. wide. A border of vandykes or lace finishes the strip, which doubles in two, the crease being marked by a runner for the insertion of a cane or whalebone that supports the cord and tassels to be slipped over a nail on the wall near the shaving-glass. Initials, or embroidery, enhances the front flap, which, lifted up from the lower end shows the paper, attached by one corner to an inner piece of frayed-out linen merely secured at the centre.

As a companion to this case, make a hanging bag for brushes, in similar material and bound with bright braid. The back, stiffened by cardboard, will consist of a flat piece, shaped at the upper end, and finished by a tretoll and long loop of cord, meeting the ornamental monogram. On the lower half, two square pieces, with expanded sides, are stitched to the foundation, and form pockets, adorned by Holbein or crewel embroidery.

I will conclude with two of the daintiest novelties—one a work-basket, fashioned with a large square of Irish crochet, guipure, lace, or antique stuff, lined with colored silk. This square is doubled cornerways over a silk bag previously stitched round it, and the two sides reaching to the gathered mouth of the bag are connected by twisted cord handles, completed with tassels. The side angles themselves are slightly bent in and secured by a few stitches. A piece of cardboard cunningly introduced into the bottom gives the necessary firmness.

The other, a handy lady's companion, stands on the work table as a small tripod, exhibiting all its contents at a glance. Four bamboo canes compose the frame; the middle one, exceeding in height, is topped by a ring, and sustains the three shorter posts, between which are stretched triangles of cardboard mounted silk, framed with lace, and decorated at the foot of each pillar with ribbon bows. On these divisions elastic loops keep in place the scissors, thimble, stiletto, cotton, &c., ranged round tiny bags and a diamond shaped pincushion.

Grapes for Winter Pies.—After the first frost pick the wild grapes, either fox-grapes or the little winter-grapes, pick them from their stems, and put them in a large stone jar, putting a thick layer of grapes and sprinkling plentifully with good brown sugar, until the jar is filled, then cover them with boiling molasses, and tie them over the top with a paper cover; set them on the top of the range or stove in a pan of boiling water for several days. Small blue plums may be prepared in the same way, and make very good winter pies.

A lady with a pet dog on a train from Newport to Fall River, Mass., was so solicitous for the welfare of her pet that she treated it with ice water from a tumbler, and refused to receive the first water handed her by the train boy because there was a speck in it.

Answers to Inquirers.

CONTRIBUTOR. (San Antonio, Tex.)—Our corps of writers is full, but if your story is of special merit we will publish it.

THOMAS D. (Coffee Co., Ga.)—Your questions were answered several weeks since. Examine your back numbers carefully.

E. F. (Bangabaoc, Me.)—You are not compelled to receive the companions of your husband's bachelor days; expostulate with him.

PHILLIPS. (Mason, Ky.)—Do nothing of the kind, but find an opportunity for an introduction if you wish to make her acquaintance.

READER. (Washington, Ind.)—It is impossible to remove the marks left by small-pox. In order to whiten the teeth you cannot do better than use charcoal very finely powdered.

A. M. T. (Erie, Pa.)—The Pennsylvania State Agricultural Fair you refer to was held at Powelton, West Philadelphia, in 1857, on the ground now occupied by the Pennsylvania Rail road.

W. S. W. (Rio, Wis.)—You had better not marry at all. We give you this reply on the strength of an opinion formed of you from the character of your question, and the style of your calligraphy.

H. W. W. (Warren, Ky.)—As you and the young lady are both of age, and are possessed of a competency, and love each other, we see no reason why you should not follow the course of nature and get married.

K. Y. (Polk, Iowa.)—If a young lady loves a gentleman fifty years of age, and keeps it all to herself, we don't see how anybody could charge her with impropriety; because, of course, nobody would know anything about it.

S. N. (Passaic, N. J.)—Muster up your courage and propose at once to the young lady. If she refuses you, you will at least be out of suspense, and a mind so relieved can better resign itself to circumstances than when tortured by uncertainty.

AGENT. (Winona, Minn.)—We have not the space at command. The practice and principle of insurance is of great antiquity, and was well-known in the time of Claudius Cæsar, A. D. 41. It is certain that assurance of ships at sea was practiced as early as the year 45 A. D.

SUBSCRIBER. (Spearfish, D. T.)—The house is one of the leading establishments of the world, and perhaps in the extent of its wealth and business, the first in America. It is, therefore, in the highest degree reliable, and the very best firm in the country you could choose to deal with.

A. F. C. (Russell, Kans.)—We never advise the separation of man or wife, because we know the terrible evils that spring out of it; but when a husband and the man you once so loved becomes a mere tyrant and brute, rejoicing in his power to do you evil, and that too in coarse and brutal language, the best thing you can do is to retire to your father's house.

ST. ELMO. (Aiorn, Miss.)—An olympiad is an epoch of four years, being the interval between the celebration of the Olympic games in ancient Greece. The method of computing time by olympiads did not come into use till after the death of Alexander, and first appears in what is known as the Parian Chronicle, which was engraved about sixty years after that event.

E. C. C. (Philadelphia, Pa.)—Drawing is very useful, and we think should be taught in a small way even before Euclid and mathematics, to which it will always serve as an introduction. When children have learnt to draw straight lines, they will be interested about the measurement of those lines. The first step in education is to impress upon the scholar the value and use of what he or she is about to learn.

STONY. (Lee, Iowa.)—If a native of any land where the French law prevails, is under twenty-five years of age, he cannot lawfully marry without the consent of his natural legal guardian, so that a woman may be a wife in America but none at all in France. Cases of the kind frequently appear in the newspapers, and it is a matter for surprise that the lesson they teach is not better appreciated and extensively circulated. You did perfectly right.

H. (Woodford, Ill.)—The learned in such matters recommend that as the little red ants are averse to strong scents, camphor, or a sponge saturated with creosote will keep them out of the cupboard. Tobacco water sprinkled on their nests will also dispose of them effectually. A wide-mouthed bottle, half-filled with sweetened water or syrup, hung among the branches of a tree where the fruit is attaining maturity, will attract ants, wasps, flies and beetles of all sorts that prey greedily upon sweets.

SENIOR. (Halifax, N. S.)—At Hamburg, in Germany, the longest day has seventeen hours and the shortest seven. At Stockholm, the longest has eighteen and a half hours and the shortest five and a half. At St. Petersburg, the longest has nineteen and the shortest five hours. At Finland, the longest has twenty-one and a half hours. At Wardorhus, in Norway the day lasts from the 21st of May to the 2d of July, the sun not getting below the horizon during the whole time, but skimming along very close to it in the north. At Spitzbergen, the longest day lasts three and a half months.

ELSIE. (Sullivan, Mo.)—You are evidently piqued at your sister's calling you plain; and very naturally, for a sister should be the last to throw a venomous dart at one to whom she is linked by such a tender tie. But it is lamentable how much petty spite prevails in families; nay, what a frightful amount of cruelty is practiced where all should be good nature and love! Brothers are not so hard upon a less favored brother; but some sisters are positively brutal if they happen to have a sister with irregular features and an unpoetical figure. Your most prudent conduct will be philosophic indifference. That wears out the most tormenting spirit that ever afflicted a woman.

PHILO. (Solano Cal.)—The sun may be inhabited. Who knows to the contrary? A celestial man maintained years ago, that the light of the sun proceeded from a dense and agile aura, which may afford an ample light to the inhabitants beneath, and yet be at such a distance aloft as not to be among them; that there may be water and dry land there, hills and dales, rain and fair weather, and that as the light and the seasons must be eternal, the sun may easily be conceived to be by far the most blissful habitation of the whole system. He was called insane for publishing such a theory, but in less than ten years after, his theory was maintained by Sir William Herschel as rational and probable.

MISS G. (Norfolk, Va.)—Authorities give the rule thus: If a gentleman wants a wife, he wears a ring on the first finger of his left hand; if he is engaged he wears it on the second finger; if married on the third; and on the fourth if he never intends to get married. When a lady is not engaged she wears a diamond ring on her first finger; if engaged, on the second; if married, on the third, and on the fourth if she intends to be a maid. When a gentleman presents a fan, a flower, or a trinket to a lady with his left hand, this, on his part, is an overture of regard, should she receive with her left hand it is considered as an acceptance of his esteem; but if with the right hand, it is a refusal of the offer. Thus by a few simple tokens, explained by rule, the passion of love is expressed.

SENEW. (Orange, N. Y.)—Curls are of very early origin, probably the twelfth century. Trump is mentioned in a sermon by Latimer, 1529, and by Shakspeare, punning on the word triumph, in Antony and Cleopatra. Whist, however, is not named by any writer of the Elizabethan era. The earliest reference to whist is in 1621, in the poems of John Taylor, the water poet. In the first edition of Cotton's Compleat Gamester (1674), no allusion is made to whist, but in the second edition, issued six years later, it is mentioned as a game "commonly known in England." Cotton's saying that the game gets its name from the silence observed in playing it, albeit generally received, is by many regarded as incorrect. The proper name is probably whisk.

STRACEY. (Scioto, O.)—In marriage all violent disparities should be avoided. Addison, who could so well lecture others, committed the greatest blunder of his life in marrying a countess. He was miserable for the rest of his days. It therefore behoves young men who aspire to rich wives to look before they leap. What man of right spirit would like to be a pane over on his wife? A man of coarse feelings would not mind such a condition; but how of a delicate and such a man sinking into the sot and ruffian! There are exceptions, it is true, but they are so few, that they only tend to prove the melancholy rule. The best advice, then, that we can offer is to conquer the passion. It may be only a passing fever or a phantasy of a disordered brain, which cool reason may soon subdue. At all events, try hard work, there is nothing like it for dispelling illusions.